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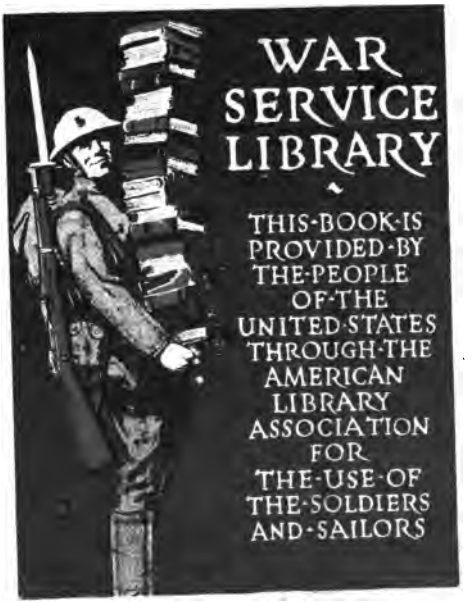

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Poems

BY

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1896

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WHITER THAN SNOW

Poems

BY

ALICE M. ROGERS

BUFFALO
THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO.
1896

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PREFACE

My object in presenting this little volume of verse to the public, is the wish that the thoughts which are here expressed may bring to others something of the blessing which they have brought to my own heart, that I may "comfort others with the comfort wherewith I myself am comforted of God."

Owing to the fact that there is so much of impurity in the literature now in circulation, I have chosen the title "Whiter than Snow," with an earnest resolve that nothing shall go forth from my pen which is unworthy of that name; and praying that this small handful of seed, sown "in His name," may fall upon good ground and bring forth some fruit for the Master.

At the solicitation of friends I have decided to publish in this collection a few pages of my school-girl rhymes, well knowing that they have little merit and no value, aside from the fact that they were nearly all written when I was but fifteen years of age.

I will also say that a large share of the poems here published were written before I was twenty-one. For this reason I trust the reader will be charitable in his criticism. I claim no great literary achievements, but offer you my humble productions with the hope that they may "help just a little" in extending the kingdom of our Lord on the earth.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
WHITER THAN SNOW,	1
IT IS SOWN IN WEAKNESS,	6
MY FATHER,	8
PEARLS FROM PURE WATERS,	10
GOD IS LOVE,	12
BRING HIM THE CROWN,	16
PSALM CXIX, 18,	18
HITHERTO,	19
WHAT IS YOUR LIFE,	21
CONSECRATION,	23
THE BOW IN THE CLOUD,	24
SNOW,	26
THE TREE OF LIFE,	27
PSALM CXXI,	28
I COR., XIV, 19,	30
THE HARVEST CROWN,	31
THE SABBATH,	34
PEACE,	35
"THAT WHICH I SEE NOT, TEACH THOU ME,"	38
IN THE FURNACE,	40
THE REASON WHY,	42
FULL SALVATION,	44
ACCEPTABLE SERVICE,	45
MY CHRISTMAS THOUGHT,	47
MY CROSS,	53
THE LIGHT OF LIFE,	54
"HEALED ALL THAT HAD NEED OF HEALING,"	55
WHILE SHE WAS WITH THEM,	57

Digitized by Google

PAGE

JOHN THE BAPTIST, ... 59
THE LORD MY KEEPER, ... 66
INDWELLING, ... 67
WHOSOEVER, ... 70
"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD," . 73
LUKE IX, 28-36, ... 74
ST. JOHN, XIV, 22, ... 77
APPROVED, ... 79
TO B——, ... 81
SLEEP, ... 82
A THANKSGIVING HYMN, ... 83
HIGHER, ... 85
I, EVEN I, AM HE, ... 86
ST. JOHN VI, 27, ... 89
EASTER SONG, ... 90
"JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR," . . 91
TO H——, ... 93
THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT, ... 93
FOR THE "SHUT IN" CHRISTIAN, . . 94
FOR EASTER, ... 96
A CHRISTMAS SONG, ... 97
A VISION, ... 98
"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART," . . 106

SCHOOL-GIRL RHYMES.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY, ... 109
THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY, ... 110
THANKSGIVING, ... 112
AUTUMN, ... 114
THE CALL OF CHRIST, ... 116
A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS, . 117
GOD IS EVERYWHERE, ... 121
A PLEA FOR JOHN CHINAMAN, ... 122
WITNESSES, ... 126
ACROSTIC, ... 129

Digitized by Google

PAGE

"Ye Have Wearied the Lord," . . 131
Pure Waters, ... 134
II Peter, I, 2, ... 136
The Savior at the Door, ... 137
The Flight of Time, ... 138
Job XII, 7-8, ... 140
Confidence, ... 141
An Elegy, ... 144
Retrospection, ... 146

HOUSEHOLD POEMS.

True Riches, ... 147
The Water Lily, ... 149
To the Moon, ... 150
To the "Weekly Eagle," 153
Barnum's White Elephant, ... 154
The Rumseller's Sign, ... 158
To the Sandwich Islands, ... 160
Farewell, ... 163
God in Nature, ... 163
Seeking the Kingdom, ... 167
Plainville Camp-Ground, ... 170
To a Friend With a Box of Flowers, . 172
Dr. J. G. Holland, ... 172
"Pious Peak's" Island, ... 174
To a Sabbath School Teacher on her Wedding Day, ... 175
Guess Who? 177
The One I Love, ... 179
To Mrs. J—— C——, ... 180
"Memento Mori," 182
Sister Cornelia Foote, ... 185
G. D. G., ... 186
For a Floral Concert, ... 188
Recitation for Three Girls, . . . 191

Digitized by Google

PAGE

THE MARSH FAMILY REUNION, . . 193
TO A FRIEND ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, . 196
GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, . 198
RECEPTION AT THE M. E. PARSONAGE IN MERRICK, ... 200
MY LESSON, ... 202
JEWELS, ... 204
COVENANT, ... 206
BOY LOST, ... 207
INVITATION, ... 209
THE WINDOW GARDEN, ... 210
LITTLE ALISON, ... 212
BRING IN THE LIGHT, ... 214
THE SNOW STORM, ... 216
HOME COMFORTS, ... 218
A MOTHER'S PRAYER, ... 224
READ AT A CHRISTMAS CONCERT, . . . 225
GUARDIAN ANGELS, ... 227

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WHITER THAN SNOW.

IT was a winter night,
And soft and deep and white,
The snow had spread its mantle over all ;
And steadily and drear,
Filled all the atmosphere,
With its continued whirling, blinding fall.

The whole earth seemed to sleep,
Beneath that cover deep,
Wrapped, as it were, in solitude and gloom ;
And every bush and tree
Was laden heavily,
With an abundance of the winter's bloom.

A pilgrim, worn and pale,
White with the snowy gale,
Was hasting up a narrow mountain way ;
The darkness stayed him not,
Though in that lonely spot
He knew not where his course one moment lay.

E'en as the hunted hare
Seeks to regain her lair,
And thus escape the swift, pursuing hound,

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So up that narrow road
The poor wayfarer strode,
Where clifts and mountain fastnesses surround.

He paused not to look round
Upon the great profound,
Where not a sound the solemn silence stirred,
Nor did his eyes behold
The wonders manifold,
Spread out before him at their Maker's word.

Along the chasm grand,
With fragile bridges spanned,
Through the ravine and up the steep ascent,
Half falling in the snow
O'er driftwood buried low,
And breathing hard and fast, he onward went.

At last, with pallid cheek,
And muscles strained and weak,
He paused, exhausted, 'neath a bending pine;
Then, brushing back the snow,
From the rude stone below,
Knelt down to worship at a wayside shrine.

With sorrow-streaming eyes,
Raised to the darkened skies,
'Twas thus the suppliant prayed: "Oh Saviour, hear!

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Thou who didst bear our woes,
Though pressed by many foes,—
I am a fugitive from Justice's bar!

"But not as Thou wert ta'en,
By cruel hands and slain,
The pure and unoffending Son of God!
My punishment is just,
And die in shame I must,
For I am *guilty of a brother's blood!*

"This morn, while passion's heat,
Through all my pulses beat,
I struck the blow that laid my neighbor *dead;*
And now must fly before
My retribution sore,
With the foul brand of murder on my head.

"Oh, Thou who righteous art,
Search me, and know my heart,
For I had loved him till that fatal hour;
And only Thou canst know
How bitter is my woe,
And only Thou canst save me by Thy power!

"If my life must atone,
For this that I have done,
Oh, may Thy dying blood avail for me!
Cleanse from my soul this stain,
And make me Thine again;
And take my wingèd spirit home to Thee!"

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O'ercome by grief so deep,
He paused at length to weep,
When lo ! an angel all in white stood by ;
And lifting up his head,
In gentle accents said :
" See'st thou the snow now falling from the sky?

" See'st how this robe so white,
Is over all tonight,
Hiding earth's foulest stains and misery ;
Till all the world around,
With royal grandeur crowned,
Stands like a bride, arrayed in purity.

" See yonder battle-field,
Where blood and carnage, held
But yesterday, their ghastly reign of death !
And there it lieth now,
Pure as an infant's brow,
All hidden this soft coverlid beneath.

" And now to thee I bring,
A message from thy King ;
' Thy sins, though scarlet, shall be white as snow ; '
Fear not the morrow's doom,
For in my happy home,
The joys of life eternal ye shall know.

" I listened to thy prayer,
For I turn not my ear
From him who pleads the blood of Calvary ;

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And as the falling snow,
Covers the earth below,
My robe of righteousness shall cover thee!"

Then, through his tear-dimmed eyes,
He saw with glad surprise,
With shining raiment he was covered o'er;
And upward throught the night,
Upon his pinions light,
The angel carried him to heaven's door.

Then burst a choral song
From all the angel throng:
"Worthy of praise and glory, Lord, art Thou!
For through Thy precious blood,
We are redeemed to God;
And all our garments washed whiter than snow!"

Slowly, at break of day,
Four horsemen urged their way
In single file along the steep ascent;
Half buried in the snow,
Their steeds made progress slow;
"Forsooth," they said, "this is the way he went."

Across the glitt'ring snow,
The morning sunbeams glow;
Ah, how majestic was that mountain scene!
Awed into silence there,
They bowed their heads in prayer,
But what was this that met their vision keen?

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There, at a wayside shrine,
Beneath a bending pine,—
A kneeling form lay shrouded in the snow,
But on his pallid face
Shone such a smile of grace,
It seemed the light of heaven on his brow.

Then with uncovered head,
They reverently said;
"God is more merciful than man, we know
Before His throne above,
May He in tender love,
Make this poor sinner whiter than the snow!"

"IT IS SOWN IN WEAKNESS."

I COR. 15. 43.

I'M only an atom this world within,
But God thought of me and put me in;
And I am so happy if I can be
Something for Him who created me;
If I could not serve Him in this my sphere,
Surely He would not have placed me here.

I'm only a vessel of common clay,
Formed for His service in humblest way;
But if I my part of the work fulfill,
For me is abundant honor still;

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All joy shall the lowliest duty be,
If the Master finds a use for me.

I'm only one link in the chain, whose end
Begun in Adam, doth still extend;
But I'll fill my space in its wondrous length,
And add my little to give it strength;
Till at last complete, round the world so broad,
It binds mankind to the heart of God.

I'm only one blossom upon the tree,
But I'll bloom as sweetly as can be;
I may not be noticed among the rest,
But He will know if I do my best;
Though my petals fall in the storms I'll stand,
Till my fruit is ripened for His hand.

I'm only one thread in His mighty loom,
Turning and weaving through dark and gloom;
But oh, may His hand guide the thread aright,
Who looks on the web from heaven's light;
And oh, may my life, when the work is done,
A thread of gold through the pattern run.

I'm only one stone for His temple wall,
Rough and unpolished and very small;
But God sees a corner that I may fill,
And fashions me for it at His will;
Till at last I shall white and shining be,
With His own new name inscribed on me.

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MY FATHER.

MY Father, God ! There is no God like Thee !
Thou knowest every thought and word and deed,
Thy loving hand supplieth all my need ;
More than a father's care Thou givest me.

Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me,
I cannot comprehend its mighty scope ;
Yet in that same Omniscience is my hope,
For on my need Thy thought may sometimes be.

Thou art an Omnipresent Deity !
In highest heaven or the lowest hell ;
In earth or sky or ocean Thou dost dwell,
The deepest darkness cannot hide from Thee.

I think of all Thine attributes divine ;
The majesty and glory of Thy ways,
So far exceeding words of mortal praise,
But best of all—"*Beloved Thou art mine.*"

I cannot flee from Thine All-seeing Eye,
And oh, I am so glad that it is so !
And that Thou dost all things about me know,
That I may always feel that Thou art nigh.

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Though night with heavy darkness draws her veil,
And tempests howl and rage about my door;
I lay me down in peace and sleep secure,
For Thou dost only make me safely dwell.

I may not know what danger lurks around,
What terror of the night is drawing nigh;
But on Thy tender care I can rely,
And yield myself to slumber soft and sound.

And when I waken at the dawning hour,
My voice in grateful praise Thou shalt hear,
I laid me down and slept without a fear;
I waked, for Thou sustained me by Thy power.

Thou art my Keeper, Thy protecting shade,
Upon my right hand, doth surround me still,
Thou shalt preserve my soul from every ill;
I go and come and need not feel afraid.

A strange and deviating path I tread,
Where snares and pitfalls open at my feet;
Quicksands and slipp'ry places oft I meet,
Nor can I see a single step ahead.

Yet I believe that though I sometimes stray,
I shall at last be safely brought to Thee;
For Thy blest Word is given unto me,
A lamp to shed its light upon my way.

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Thine angel bands are charged to keep my feet,
And in their hands they bear me up from harm,
Thou biddest me to trust, nor feel alarm,
My Father's love and care are so complete.

Yes, in Thy secret place I love to dwell,
Neath Thy Almighty shadow to abide;
Within the shelter of Thy wings to hide,
Thy truth my shield, all danger to repel.

What shall I render unto Thee again,
For all Thy countless benefits to me?
I'll give myself and all I have to Thee,
And seek to make my talent others gain.

PEARLS FROM PURE WATERS.

AS divers in deep waters search for treasure,
And purest pearls bring up from unknown seas,
To sparkle in the diadem of monarchs;
And royal nobles of the land to please.
So I have made my greatest source of pleasure,
To search the waters of this fountain pure,
Which springs from hidden sources, deep and holy,
Whose ever flowing waters shall endure.

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I've found a casket of such gems as never
  Glittered upon the brow of czar or king,
A portion of their lustre do I show thee,
  And ask thee to accept my offering.
Whene'er I look I find this clear, deep water,
  Filled with bright gems whose shining make it pure;
Each one is brighter than the one last taken,
  The more I take, the more do me allure.

If thou would'st rise from poverty and sorrow,
  And have with wealth thy path surrounded here,
I bid thee go and search these precious waters,
  And for thyself procure the treasures there.
Though poor on earth, if thou hast wealth in heaven,
  Thy mind and heart at rest and filled with peace,
Thou hast true riches, nobly elevating,
  And giving from earth's sorrows sweet release.

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GOD IS LOVE.

IT was a time when darkness filled my heart,
Convinced of sin, I felt its bitter smart;
I saw the blackness of my sinful way,
And longed for better things, but dared not pray;
For I beheld my God a ruler stern
Who would all sinners from His presence spurn.
Tortured by thoughts of hell, the sinners' doom,
I looked with terror to the coming tomb.
And then I sought His Holy Word to prove
My lost estate, and read that "God is *Love.*"
I asked my soul: "Can this be really true,
That He, the righteous Judge, can care for you?
Does God love man, the *sinner?* Oh, that I
Could have some little token from on high"!
Then round my feet I saw spring's brightest flowers,
While sweet bird songs beguiled the summer hours;
The countless stars that filled the sky at night,
Shed radiance round my pathway, soft and bright,
The changing seasons brought the harvest tide,
And barns o'erflowed with plenty, far and wide,
And all these tender mercies strove to prove,
Unto my burdened soul that "God is Love."

I stood upon the boundless ocean shore,
Where the blue sea was booming evermore,

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And of its waves demanded my reply,
Until the cliffs resounded with my cry ;
"Does God love man, the sinner"? and the waves,
That softly plashed around the rocky caves,
Were suddenly upheaved with maddened bound ;
And lashed and roared with fury at the sound,
Then, foaming in its rage, the angry flood,
Came rushing on to drown me where I stood.
But at my feet they suddenly were calm,
And sank back helpless, murmuring a psalm ;
For He whose love I questioned, told them "Nay,
Thus far thy waves may come, but here must stay."
And thus my answer came ; the angry wave,
Would overwhelm me in a watery grave ;
But I was safe, while at my feet they strove,
For they obeyed the God whose name is "Love" ;
And o'er the rolling waters of this sea,
The wealth of distant lands was brought to me.

Again I climbed a lofty mountain peak,
And to the clouds that floated round, did speak ;
"Tell me, ye clouds, doth thy pure God above,
All human beings, *man*, the sinner, love" ?
And then the rolling clouds did gather black,
With all the fury of the tempest's wrack ;
A hurricane swept by with fearful breath,
Mingled the vivid lightning's tongue of death ;
The thunder rolled and crashed from peak to peak,
And pouring torrents fell, but as my cheek

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Grew pale with terror at this wild display,
The storm-clouds broke, as breaks the dawn of day;
And from a little rift, a sunny gleam
Shot o'er the darkened sky a shining beam;
And soon the fury of the storm was o'er
And all was light and gladness as before.
"Surely," thought I, "the elements have shown,
That, though a sinner, God does love his own;
His watchful care shall ne'er from man remove,
But storms shall cease at last, for 'God is *Love*.'"

And then I raised to heaven my blinded eyes,
As if to pierce the veil beyond the skies;
And sent my cry up through the silent air,
"Does God love man, the *sinner?*" and just there
I saw a multitude of angel forms,
Flooded with light that all around me warms,
Descend together; and o'er Bethlehem's plain
I heard again that glad triumphant strain;
"Peace upon earth, to all mankind good-will,
Glory to God in heaven, who reigneth still!"
And then I saw the manger-cradled child,
I saw the youth, so pure and undefiled;
I saw the gentle Saviour pass along,
Amid the sick and helpless of that throng,
Healing the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame,
Forgiving sinners: lifting up the same.—

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I saw Him, weeping, stand beside the tomb,
And call dead Lazarus from out its gloom ;
I saw the funeral cortege meet the Lord,
And to the mother saw the son restored ;
I saw the rabble gather round Him now,
And press the cruel thorns upon His brow ;
I saw the heavy cross upon Him laid,
And He in mocking purple robes arrayed ;
I saw Him lifted up in dreadful pain,
That He might cleanse me from all sinful stain,
I heard His dying groans and saw the pall
Of heavy darkness gather over all ;
I saw the riven rocks ; the rending veil,
And how the cruel throng before them quail !
I saw the spear thrust in His blessed side,
From whence there flowed the purifying tide ;
I saw the tomb wherein my Lord was laid,
From whence He rose again, as He had said ;
And with extended hands to bless His own,
He then ascended to His Father's throne.
And from the shining brightness of that sky,
Ten thousand voices gave me my reply ;
"For God so loved the world," that He hath sent
His own beloved Son, they that repent,
And on His name believe, shall never die,
But reign eternally with Him on high.

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BRING HIM THE CROWN.

BEAUTIFUL Jesus! 'Tis but a short season,
Since He was dwelling with men here below,
But in our weakness His life and His teaching,
Seems but a tale of the long, long ago.
If we could realize half of the story,
And its sweet blessings would take for our own;
Feeling each moment His hallowéd presence,
Would we not love Him and bring Him the crown?

Beautiful Jesus! Oft as I read it,
That lovely vision by faith I can see;
Spotlessly fair One with heavenly wisdom,
Teaching the people of old Galilee.
Simply and grandly He taught them from nature,
Of birds and blossoms and seed that is sown;
Truths that are present today to our notice,
Till we too worship, and bring Him the crown.

Beautiful Jesus! If we could but see Him,
Grandly divine as He walked on the sea;
Hear His sweet voice sounding clear o'er the billows
"Be not afraid; I am coming to thee"!

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How would our quailings and fears seem to chide us,
When in life's tempests we almost go down ;
If we but knew who was walking beside us,
Would we not trust Him and bring Him the crown?

Beautiful Jesus ! With holy compassion,
Healing all forms of disease and distress ;
Bringing the dead from the grave's cold embracing,
Spreading His dear hands the children to bless,—
Looks on us now with the same love and pity,
Bidding us take up the work He laid down ;
Follow the guide of His blessed example,
Give Him our service and bring Him the crown.

Beautiful Jesus ! so meekly submissive,
Unto that will for whose glory He came;
Yielding Himself to the malice of sinners,
Suffered for our sakes the cross and the shame.
If we but knew how our daily transgressions,
Pierce Him with sorrow no mortal has known ;
Would we not pause ere we yield to the tempter,
Think of the Saviour, and bring Him the crown?

Beautiful Jesus ! The tomb could not keep Him
Death o'er his victim was powerless there ;
Glorified Saviour ! He burst all its sealings,
Rising triumphant, immortal and fair !
Though here our weak understanding is darkened,
So that the glory but dimly is shown ;
When by His power we are raised in His likeness,
Blessed Redeemer ! We'll bring Him the crown!

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PSALM CXIX: 18.

OPEN Thou mine eyes, O Lord,
As I read Thy Holy Word,
That I may behold with awe,
Wondrous things from out Thy law;
As bright jewels flashing clear,
In a fountain might appear.

May I take with proper care,
Every promise, every prayer;
Let the Holy Spirit's light,
Make them clear unto my sight,
Till a radiance divine,
From the open page shall shine.

May I see the depths of love,
In the Father's heart above,
Governing His wise decrees,
That are veiled in mysteries;
And His will for me accept,
Knowing that I shall be kept.

Then, oh help me to impart,
To some other trembling heart,
Something of this love so free,

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That shall draw them unto Thee ;
Thus an offering to bring,
Unto thee, my Lord and King.

So may all the narrow way,
Brighter grow, till perfect day ;
Till the shining gates appear,
Of the kingdom, drawing near ;
And in heaven's perfect light,
All is plain unto my sight.

HITHERTO.

I SAMUEL VII: 12.

GOD was with His chosen people,
And the enemy had fled,
For He thundered with His thunder,
Till they were discomfited ;
Then the prophet placed a pillar,
As an "Ebenezer" there ;
Saying : "Hitherto Jehovah
Hath our burden helped to bear."

Still God's people meet temptations,
Still with enemies we fight,
And the Lord doth still deliver,
Those so precious in His sight ;

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Many places we discover,
As today we backward glance,
Where we would have been defeated,
But for His deliverance.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,
Strown with blessings all our ways ;
And we here would build our altar,
Here our Ebenezer raise ;
And upon it fully, freely,
We ourselves would offer up,
Fit return for Him who drainèd,
For our sakes, the bitter cup.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,
And He ever will sustain ;
With His presence to defend us,
We the victory shall gain.
Then we'll onward press with courage,
Where He goeth on before,
Knowing we shall gain that haven,
Where temptations come no more.

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"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

JAMES IV: 14.

AS the vapor of the morning,
  Hanging over yonder bay,
When the shining sun ariseth,
  Quickly vanisheth away;
As the smoky haze of autumn,
  Flees before the chilling frost,
So the transient life of mortals,
  In a moment may be lost.

For your life is but a vapor,
  That remaineth for a time,
And then vanisheth forever,
  Into the eternal clime;
But it is not void and useless,
  Though it measures but a span;
For consider what great blessings,
  God has given unto man.

Shall we take these priceless talents,
  Powers our Father doth bestow;
Piling them like blocks of granite,
  'Till they fall and crush us low?

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Or shall we carve out with patience,
Steps by which we upward climb;
Where the light of God's own glory,
Beams with radiance divine?

By our daily words and actions,
We are weaving, each his own,
That fair robe that must enfold us,
When we stand before the throne;
Shall we make for aye resplendent,
This our everlasting dress;
By the golden threads we mingle,
Grace and truth and righteousness?

'Tis a solemn thing, this living,
For our influence must tell,
Over all who see or know us,
And we are responsible.
Do not say "We cannot take it,
'Tis too much for us to bear;"
That will never help the matter,
If we will or not, 'tis there.

If we in the final judgement,
Are to answer for the way
We have influenced another,
Let us watchful be each day;
Let us strive to live for Jesus,
For remember that each soul,
Shall live on while God endureth,
And eternal cycles roll.

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Finally, if we consider
To what height we may attain ;
And endeavor, with the blessing
Of our God, those heights to gain ;
He who ever watches o'er us,
Stooping down with tender love,
Then will grasp the hand uplifted,
And will guide us safe above.

CONSECRATION.

LIVE all your life for God, where e'er He willeth,
Your way may be ;
Nor fear to let the worldlings who surround you,
Your motive see.
Then, though the world may not applaud, nor crown you,
With empty fame,
A pure white stone in the eternal temple,
Shall bear your name.

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THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

GEN. IX. 13.

BEAUTIFUL bow in the heaven,
Spanning the cloudy sky!
Wherefore thy radiant glory,
Pray, can you tell me why?
"For this is my covenant," God hath said,
"I do set my bow in the cloud o'erhead.

"I will not destroy creation,
With floods of waters more,
Because of their evil doing,
Though they repent me sore;
And this a perpetual sign shall be,
Between all that dwell on the earth and me.

"When a cloud obscures the sunlight,
My bow shall be thereon;
An arch of beautiful color,
Stretching from zone to zone;
And all generations shall see it there,
And know I remember the word I sware.

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"And I will look down from heaven,
Upon its shining band,
And remember this day's promise,
Which evermore shall stand;
'Tis an everlasting covenant vow,
Which the Lord hath made with all creatures now."

Oh beautiful bow of promise!
I view thy colors bright,
And think how the Lord looks on thee,
Down from His throne of light;
And this is the visible sign I see,
Of the love and care that is over me.

The bow in your cloud, my brother,
Spans every need you see,
Look up to the loving Father!
The promise is for thee;
"If ye trust in me ye shall never fall,
I will make a way of escape from all.

"I've borne thy burden of sorrow,
Carried thy grief and pain;
I know that thy frame is mortal,
And cannot long remain.
Be not afraid, for I ever am near,
Always beside thee to comfort and cheer."

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Then look for the bow, dear brother,
In every cloud you meet,
For many a ray of sunshine,
Still there is left to greet.
Oh, happy are they who can always see,
The bow in their sorrow and misery.

The tenderest love to cheer us,
Beautiful flowers to bloom ;
And holiest things to draw us,
Up to our better home.
Many a bow He has given to bless,
Many a covenant promise of peace.

SNOW.

HOW softly and silently, flake upon flake,
Now eddying swiftly, or falling so slow ;
O'er city and country, o'er mountain and lake,
God spreadeth the beautiful mantle of snow.

The old orchard trees with their bare arms outspread,
The pines on the hillside, the rugged stone wall ;
The unsightly ruin, the half-fallen shed,
Seem given a charm with the snow over all.

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Though filthy the streets with the traffic of men,
Though squalid the hovel which Rum stamps his own ;
Though barren and cheerless the forest and plain,
Oe'r all is this robe like sweet charity thrown.

I also am vile and unclean in His sight,
But One has been broken that I may be whole ;
And e'en as the snow folds earth's sorrows in white,
May His robe of righteousness cover my soul.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

IN heaven's garden, bright and fair,
There flows a crystal river clear ;
And by it stands on either side,
The "Tree of Life," with branches wide,
The "Tree of Life" is Jesus.

Twelve kinds of fruit it doth provide,
That all our needs may be supplied ;
And every month it yields again,
That we may never seek in vain,
The "Tree of Life" is Jesus.

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The leaves upon this tree, I find,
Are for the healing of mankind;
For every sickness, woe, or dearth,
Of all the nations of the earth,
The "Tree of Life" is Jesus.

Fairer than apples made of gold,
The fruitage that these branches hold;
Better than Gilead's fragrant balm,
The healing we receive therefrom,
The "Tree of Life" is Jesus.

PSALM CXXI.

AS did the lofty mountains surround Jerusalem,
Close guarding all that city as 'twere a precious gem;
So is the Lord about us, our mountain and high tower,
And will preserve his people, henceforth and evermore.

The dwellers in that city did raise their trusting eyes,
Unto those mountain summits, ascending to the skies;
And pious Jews devoutly worshipped with faces toward
The holy hill of Zion, the city of the Lord.

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Thus when my heart is burdened and I am sore
oppressed,
My eyes shall seek the hill-tops, in lofty grandeur
dressed ;
And in their great Creator my help I will behold,
Then in His strength triumphing, I shall come
forth as gold.

He that hath stretched the heavens this lower earth
to span,
And formed the feeblest insect, shall he not care
for man ?
Yes, he shall never suffer my foot to be removed ;
He shall not sleep nor slumber, who keepeth His
beloved.

My Maker is my keeper, He holds me by the hand,
The shadow of His presence falls o'er me as I
stand ;
With His kind hand to shield me, I'll fear no heat
nor pain,
The sun and moon to smite me shall labor but in
vain.

Though every evil threaten, he shall preserve my
soul,
I cannot be so broken but he can make me whole ;
Jehovah shall watch over my goings out and in,
Henceforward and forever, preserve my soul from
sin.

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I COR. XIV : 19

I'D rather speak five little words
That might be understood when heard,
That by so speaking I might teach
Those unto whom my voice should reach ;
Than many thousand prophecies,
Uttered in unknown languages.

Only five words, if they may be
Of Jesus and His love to me,
If they may point some erring soul
To Him who makes the broken whole ;
Were better far than masses sung,
By thousands in an unknown tongue.

What benefit the mass or prayer,
Unto the humble worshipper,
If not a word that he may hear
Is to his understanding clear?
Though true devotion fills his heart,
He in the service has no part.

When I shall go unto His house,
Before the Lord to pay my vows ;
Let every song and every prayer
Be offered with the spirit there,

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And may the understanding, too,
Unite in all that I may do.

So may the words that I shall speak,
Bring strength and courage to the weak ;
Feed hungry souls, the longing bless,
And give the weary rest and peace ;
And heart and mind and voice unite,
In service pleasing in His sight.

Then howe'er few my words may be,
They shall not return void to me ;
For God shall add His blessings till
They have accomplished all His will ;
And planted in the hearts of youth,
The seeds of everlasting truth.

THE HARVEST CROWN.

PSA. LXV. 11.

SEE the abundance of Autumn's store,
So lavishly round us strown,
Her wealth of treasure is here once more,
Crimson and golden and brown !
To evil and good : to rich and poor,
Cometh the harvest crown.

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The winter's cover of ice and snow,
Keeps warmth in the earth so brown ;
The springtime bringeth its bud and blow,
And days when the seed is sown ;
Then after the summer's growth and glow,
Cometh the harvest crown.

Thou crownest the year with goodness, Lord !
Thy blessings in showers come down,
The valleys with corn are richly stored,
The pastures with flocks are strown ;
And the hills rejoice with glad accord,
In this Thy harvest crown.

What is the promise we oft repeat ;
The word by the Lord made known ?
"While earth remaineth the cold and heat,
The summer or winter brown ;
The seed-time and harvest we shall greet,"
Nor fail the harvest crown.

There's a kind of seed we all may sow,
Its fruit in the heart is grown ;—
The word of God and His loving law,
And all Christian graces shown ;
If 'tis sown aright will yield, we know,
A golden harvest crown.

But take ye heed with an earnest care,
That the proper seed is sown ;

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For what the kind of thy sowings are,
In the harvest will be shown;
If thou sow the thistle and the tare
What is thy harvest crown?

He that goeth forth with precious seed,
In the name of Christ alone;
Weeping because of the mighty need,
And the little he hath done,
Shall come again with a joy indeed,
Bearing the harvest crown.

May we falter not in work for God,
Nor ever be weary grown;
We know that whether of ill or good,
We gather as we have strown;—
And pray that the Lord of harvest would
Grant us a harvest crown.

Then sow this seed in thy youthful days,
"A child by his deed is known;"
And a child may lead by loving ways,
Those older and wiser grown;
And even the smallest hand upraise,
After the harvest crown.

Oh, loiter not in the field today,
With thy share of seed unsown,
Lest bye and bye ye shall sadly say:
"The summer and harvest 's gone;"
And I have no sheaves to bring away,
Never a harvest crown!

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When the Son of Man in glory comes,
With the holy angels down;
When He gathers into heavenly homes,
All they who His seed have sown;
Then to His toiling and faithful ones,
Cometh the harvest crown.

THE SABBATH.

HOLY is the Sabbath,
Bright and clear and sweet;
Pure and calm and peaceful,
We its dawning greet.

Holy is the Sabbath,
When at morn we rise,
May our prayers be wafted,
Incense to the skies.

Holy is the Sabbath,
Through its hours may we
Worship Thee in spirit,
Worship only Thee.

Holy is the Sabbath,
Holy should it be
Kept by men and angels,
Holy unto Thee.

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PEACE.

[A SERMON IN RHYME]

AFTER the battle, what a sweet release.
No more the noise of conflict and the smoke,
The flashing sabre with its deadly stroke;
No more the ghastly wound, the pallid cheek,
With cries and groans and crimson flowing creek;
But o'er our land the white winged dove of peace
Broods calmly; o'er the slain she hovers now,
Leaving a soft caress on cheek and brow
Of those we loved; and on each rebel breast,
A spray of olive green is gently pressed;
Saying: "The enmity of conflict now is past,
And we in death are brothers here at last."
And as the setting sun sinks in the west,
Gently as mother's parting kiss is pressed,
In blessing on her darling's noble brow,
Its last bright rays fall o'er those faces now.

From distant lands we hear a joyful song,
As broken circles meet once more at home,
Our glorious land is free, and peace is come!
And e'en the mourner's tears less freely flow,
Although she craves the joy that others know,—
Because the land may rest from strife and wrong.

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For joy that never more the cannon's boom,
Shall sound its knell o'er her beloved's tomb.
A calm now settles on all nature's face,
And grateful praises rise from every place;
As when the waves ran high on Galilee,
Thrilling with fear the sailors on the sea,
The gentle voice of Christ demanded "Peace!"
The fiercely raging elements did cease,
Obedient to their gentle Master's will,
And spread out peacefully and calm and still.

After a day of labor, oh how sweet
Is evening's quiet hour that bringeth rest!
An hour to toiling man supremely blest.
When the soft twilight steals o'er vale and hill;
And evening shadows gather soft and still,
How welcome is repose! when weary feet
May pause and rest beside the rugged way,
Then start once more, refreshed, at break of day.
The robin from the elm tree's breezy height,
To his fond mate chirps sleepily "Good-night,"
The weary cattle leave the yoke and plow,
And chickens nestle neath soft feathers now;
The swallow seeks her home beneath the eaves,
And e'en the lily folds her waxen leaves;
The stir and hum of busy insects cease,
And Nature slumbers in the arms of peace.

Did not our Saviour bid us dwell in peace?
When He was born on earth an holy light,
Shone round the shepherds on the mountain height,

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And voices of celestial beings then,
Proclaimèd "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
And never shall those lasting echoes cease.
He bade us love e'en those who treat us ill,
And every wrong forgive with ready will;
Said, "He that maketh peace is truly blest,
And as the child of God shall be confessed."
And when He left His faithful few alone,
And rose to take His place upon the throne,
He said to them, "My peace with you I leave;
Be not ye troubled, but this gift receive,
Not as the world doth grudgingly bestow;
With purest joy thy breast shall overflow."

He came to lead us in the way of peace,
And dying thus, He our true peace became,
For we salvation find through His dear name.
His sacrifice will for our sin atone,
And intercede for us before the throne;
Giving from rites and ordinance release.
His coming was foretold in ages past,
The "Prince of Peace" He meekly came at last;
And being justified by holy faith,
We have found peace with God, which fears not death.
His holy kingdom for the which we pray,
That it may come to us from day to day;
Is not of meat and drink and earthly good,
But righteousness and peace, the angels' food,
And He will keep in perfect peace His own,
Whose minds are stayed by trust in Him alone.

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At last, my friends, whatever things are true,
Whatever things are honest, just and pure ;
Such as are lovely and of good report, secure ;
And if in these thou dost of virtue find,
Or ought of praise, then bear these things in mind,
And every evil from thy heart eschew.
Then the sweet peace of God shall enter there,
Filling thy heart and mind, and like a stair,
Whence angels pass to thee from realms of bliss,
Thou shalt obtain through it pure happiness.
'Tis this that doth all understanding pass.
For here we darkly see as through a glass ;
Only through Jesus Christ to man 'tis given,
A blessed foretaste of the bliss of heaven ;
No raptured tongue can ever spread abroad,
One-half the meaning of the "peace of God."

"THAT WHICH I SEE NOT, TEACH THOU ME."

JOB XXXIV : 32.

LORD, I am in a strait betwixt the two,
I do not know what I had ought to do,
But Thou dost bid me come and ask of Thee ;
That which I see not, Father, teach Thou me !

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I am as one blindfolded in the street,
Who cannot see where he should place his feet;
But Thy blest Word my lamp and guide shall be,
That which I see not, Jesus, teach Thou me!

In strange confusion seems this web of mine,
Wilt Thou point out the pattern, line by line,
And let me know what Thou wouldst have me be;
That which I see not, Master, teach Thou me!

I want to live for Thee this earthly life,
But sin and Satan bring their daily strife;
I would in all things consecrated be,
That which I see not, Saviour, teach Thou me!

I am so weak I cannot go alone,
I stumble and am almost overthrown,
Jesus, my longing spirit cries for Thee!
For Thou, Almighty One, canst all things see.

I want Thy Presence ever at my side,
To hold my hand and all my footsteps guide,
That I may, trusting, keep my eyes on Thee;
And listen while Thy wisdom teaches me.

Master, forgive this weak and faithless heart,
I will not fear while Thou my Shepherd art;
No power nor might can separate from Thee,
And all is well, since Thou art leading me.

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IN THE FURNACE.

SEVEN times hotter was the furnace
Heated, than 'twas wont to be,
That the three rebellious children,
Might be made to bow the knee ;
But the faithful Hebrew captives
Faltered not in their reply ;
"God is able to deliver,
If He does not, we will die."

Bound securely in their garments,
They were cast into the flame ;
And the scorching heat devouréd
Their tormentors, as they came ;
But the keepers saw, astonished,
That they through the furnace trod,
With another form beside them,
Like unto the *Son* of *God*.

Then they were brought forth with trembling,
Yes, you know the tale full well,
How the burning, fiery furnace,
Left upon their clothes no smell ;

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"Neither was a hair singed on them,"
For God's glory did they dare
Face the terror so appalling;
And the God they served was there.

Years passed by, and then a furnace,
Seven times hotter than before,
In Gethsemane was heated,
And He who lay writhing sore,
In the agony of torture,
Which He chose to bear for men,
Was the Son of God, our Saviour,
Was there *three* found with Him then?

There were three who went up with Him
But they stood and watched from far,
For God's ways and thoughts are ever,
Higher than His children's are.
Men look on Him from a distance,
Bowed beneath their load of shame;
Jesus comes with sweet assistance,
When they suffer for His name.

There's no furnace of affliction,
Howe'er heated it may be,
Into which He lets His children
Be cast down in agony;
But He will Himself go with them,
And will by them there remain,
With His strong arm to uphold them,
And His love to ease their pain.

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THE REASON WHY.

WHAT makes this life so glad to me,
And all the world so fair to see?
The grass so green; the flowers so bright;
And bird-songs thrill me with delight?
The sunshine and the sky so blue,
Bring every day a pleasure new;
While forests, fields and mountains stand,
Forever glorious and grand.
What makes the winter's robe of snow,
So pure and white, entrance me so?
And every changing season be
A ceaseless round of joys for me?
Because my Father made them so,
And I love Him, and surely know
That He loves me.

What makes the darkest day seem bright,
As stars shine through the cloudy night?
When heavy sorrows o'er me roll,
And griefs that rend my very soul;
When I must struggle through a sea
Of trial and adversity;
When poverty and want and care,
Seem burdens more than I can bear,

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Then will I find my Saviour near,
And rest in Him and know no fear;
For 'tis my Shepherd who has said,
I shall not want for daily bread;
It is His hand that leads me so,
And I love Him, and surely know
That He loves me.

What fills my soul with such a calm,
With such deep peace, sweet Gilead's balm?
Jesus is mine though all grows dim,
And naught can separate from Him.
Since God has sent Him from on high,
What other good can He deny?
All things are mine, oh, promise broad!
And I am Christ's and Christ is *God's*.
His will henceforth shall be my own,
And I shall never walk alone;
With Him my Life, my Strength, my All,
Why should I fear what may befall?
I am secure wheree'er I go,
For I love Him and surely know
That He loves me.

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FULL SALVATION.

OH fullness of blessing, in Jesus to rest,
To know that whate'er He doeth is best!
My heart overfloweth; my praise shall not cease,
For Jesus has filled me with His blessed peace!

Oh perfect abiding! Oh light never dim!
For He is within me and I am in Him!
What harm can befall while I feel His embrace;
What sin can ensnare when I look in His face?

I'm glad that He knows all my weakness and sin,
Has seen when I've fallen and raised me again;
And now He will keep me wherever I rove,
For nothing shall separate me from His love.

Henceforth I would choose what His love may command,
I know that my Saviour is holding my hand;—
Though sorrow or trial or pain I may meet,
If only I've Jesus, my world is complete.

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ACCEPTABLE SERVICE.

IN His plan of love and wisdom,
God has wanted you and me,
In the stations we are filling,
His own servants here to be.

We've a work to do for Jesus,
Oh may He our strength renew,
That our corner of the pattern
May be rounded full and true.

"Yes," we say, "we are His servants,
And our love will gladly show,
If we ever have occasion
Worthy service Him to do."

Is it not the simplest service,
Smallest deed that He requires?
We may do at any moment,
When true love the act inspires?

Do not pass your life in dreaming
Of a brighter lot in store,
When you will do more and better,
Than you could have done before.

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Oh, to think, perhaps tomorrow
May be never granted you :
Only now to work for Jesus,
With eternity in view.

Opportunities are golden,
Snatch them quickly while you can ;
Do not let one pass unheeded,
It may never come again.

All the past is gone forever,
You may never pass again,
O'er the paths you now are treading,
Therefore "quit yourselves like men."

When the grave has closed above us,
And the daisies o'er us grow,
What shall we have done for others,
Shall our record nothing show ?

Live each day as though assuréd,
It your dying day would prove ;
Make your record every moment,
Overflow with deeds of love.

Are its pages all as crowded,
As you'd wish to have them be,
When the Lord in all His glory,
Sits in judgment finally ?

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Any day we may be summoned,
Our account to render up ;
Oh, may God accept our service,
And with us sit down to sup.

MY CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

CLEAR was the night o'er Bethlehem blest,
Quietly lay all the flocks at their rest,
While patient shepherds abiding there,
Kept their watch and ward with a constant care.

Then the angel of the Lord came down,
And the glory of God around them shone ;
And they were filled with a sore affright,
But he said "Fear not, for I bring tonight,
Glad tidings of joy at God's own word ;
A Saviour is born, which is Christ the Lord !
In this same city of David, where
Ye shall find Him, laid in a manger there."

Then suddenly in that shining sky,
There appeared an heavenly host on high ;
And they sang that song whose echoes last,
Through all of the centuries that have passed ;
Of "Glory to God in heights above !"
Of "Peace upon earth, and good will and love."

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Then the shepherds came with joyful haste,
And found the young child in the manger placed;
And went away and proclaimed to men,
The wonderful things they had heard and seen,
While their hearts with praise to God were thrilled,
That now had the prophecy been fulfilled.

But why were the tidings brought to them?
To those humble shepherds of Bethlehem!
Or why should their lowly calling be
Chosen for blessing so wonderfully?

Well might they hasten the tale to raise,
Full well might they glorify God and praise!
Could they have known what we know today,
As they turned from that manger bed away;
Could they have known that the child within;
Was the *Lamb* of God, who should conquer sin!
Who as a lamb to his death should come;
"As a sheep 'neath her shearer's hand is dumb;"

Could they have known how that babe asleep,
Should be our "Good Shepherd," and we His sheep!
How He should know and be known of all,
And every one by their name should call;
Should feed *His* flock where the green mead charms,
And gather the lambs in His loving arms;

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How He should seek in the rugged way,
To rescue the one which had gone astray ;
Should bear our burdens and face our foes,
And tenderly comfort in all our woes ;
And bring at last in His fold to rest,
The flock of His pasture, forever blest ;
Well might they joy in their lowly lot,
If they could have known *this*, but they *did not.*

Gladly the wise men came from afar,
Led on by that wonderful guiding star ;
And costly gifts from the East did bring,
To lay at the feet of the new-born King.
They bowed them low o'er the infant's head,
And worshipped him there by his lowly bed ;
They emptied their treasures, rich contents
Of gold and of myrrh and of frankincense ;
And turned again to their distant home,
Rejoicing because Messiah had come.

They thought a monarch was born that hour,
Who should free their hand from the Roman power ;
That he should sit on a wondrous throne,
With a glory the world had never known.
For they were wise in prophetic lore,
And had they not studied it o'er and o'er?
How a mighty king should surely come ;
And gather the Jews in a peaceful home ;
"Wonderful," "Counsellor," "Prince of Peace,"
Whose glorious kingdom should never cease?

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And reckoned oft, by their learning skilled,
The days ere the prophecy be fulfilled ;
And had rejoiced when they heard the news,
That this was Messias, King of the Jews.

Well might they bow where the Christ-child lay,
Full well might they reverent homage pay !
Could they have known at that infant's birth,
That "The Word was made flesh and come to earth ;"
Could they have known *what* that life should be,
And what was His kingdom and majesty !
Of those thirty years at Nazareth,
To lighten our toil and strengthen our faith ;
Of His homeless life 'mong Judah's hills,
And His kind compassion for human ills ;
Of the dead raised up and the sick made whole,
And the power that could even cleanse the soul !
Of the cruel cross and pain and strife,
Which should purchase for us eternal life ;
That the blood which coursed those tiny veins,
Was the *fountain flowing for all our stains.*
How He should enter the darksome tomb,
Dispelling forever its bitter gloom ;
Of that joyful resurrection hour,
Through which *we* may rise in immortal power ;
Of the multitudes who since that day,
Have found Him the Life and the Truth and Way ;
Of the millions who have gone before,
And the millions and tens of millions more,

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To gather 'round His eternal throne;
Well might they worship Him, *could they have known!*

But we know, and blest our lot indeed,
That we all this glorious truth may read!
May learn how the Son of God came down,
How His life was given to save our own;
To free our race from the power of sin,
And what peaceful borders He guides us in.
He has a glorious throne today,
In a kingdom that shall not pass away;
Has built our home in that blest abode,
And would make of us kings and priests to God.

And *we* may come to this Saviour's feet,
And bring Him our offerings rich and sweet;
To all doth the invitation sound,
That ye "Seek the Lord while He may be found."
But not as the wise men came that day,
We come by a *new* and a *living* way;
His Holy Word is our guiding star,
Which leads to that "city that lies afar."
With gold of love that is pure and free,
With the myrrh of all Christian charity;
With the frankincense of grateful praise,
A savor acceptable we may raise.

Do we gladly haste with hearts aglow,
As they came to Him whom they could not know?

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Do we heed the yearning in His voice,
As He calls us to make in Him our choice?
He reigneth all other kings above,
But the only tribute He asks is love.—
Was it for naught that He suffered pain?
Must He beckon and plead and wait in vain?
Well might they come, if they could but know,
But *why* do *we not* to *our* Saviour go?

We often call Him our Shepherd blest,
But do we rejoice in that power to *rest?*
Do we *own* our Shepherd; *trust* His care,
And let Him *the whole* of our burdens bear?
Do we know His voice, obey His will;
And *let* Him lead us by the waters still?

None of His flock would He idle see,
But would have us His under-shepherds be;
He tells us to "Feed the flock of God;"
And "cherish the lambs He has bought with blood,"
Do we ope the door to those outside?
And the "Bread of Life" do we scatter wide?
Do we try to seek and save the lost;
And bring them homeward at any cost?
Well might *they* do, we are quick to say,
But *what* are *we* doing for Him today?

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MY CROSS.

GOD'S will is the true and upright part,
My will the cross-piece there ;
My will laid over against God's will,
Formeth the cross I bear.

But when I conquer this will of mine,
And bring it back again,
To the perpendicular of His,
There does no cross remain.

The cruel form of the cross is gone,
And in its place doth stand,
God's loving wisdom and my sweet trust,
In parallel so grand.

When His will is mine my heart is filled,
With confidence so sweet ;
His rod and His staff to comfort me,
Have brought me joy complete.

Why struggle on with your heavy cross,
Dear Christian friend of mine?
Just bring your will to be like God's will,
And rest and peace are thine.

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THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

JOHN VIII: 1-12.

'TWAS in the darkness that precedes the dawn,
When Jesus climbed the mountain-side alone,
And there beheld the first gray light of morn,
Creep o'er the hilltops ere the morning shone,
And when the sun in glory bursting forth,
Illumined valleys and vine-covered slopes;
Flooded the city spires with golden light,
And tinged with splendor all the mountain tops;
He turned and sought once more the busy town,
Where all had wakened into life again,
And in the temple to the gathered throng
Proclaimed, "I am the Light of Life" to men.

'Tis even so. Men dwelt in sorrow here,
The night of sin had shadowed all the world,
Until this Light was sent before whose beams,
The fleeing shadows are forever hurled.
The mighty power of darkness who can tell?
Blinded by sin we see no more the light,
But let the Sun of righteousness arise,
And His pure shining shall dispel the night.
Then let us follow onward toward this light,
Avoiding all that tends to sin and strife,
We'll walk no more in darkness, but shall have
Forever 'round our path the "Light of Life."

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"HEALED ALL THAT HAD NEED OF HEALING."

LUKE IX : 11.

I READ, dear Saviour, of Thy kind compassion,
When Thou didst walk o'er Palestina's hills ;
With what unwearied patience thou didst offer,
Thy tender ministry to human ills,
For of the multitudes that gathered round Thee,
To all that needed healing Thou didst give,—
Oh ? that I had been there and could have found Thee !
Or that I now this healing might receive !

For I have need of healing, oh my Saviour !
I am so vile with leprousy of sin ;
My ears are deaf to heed when thou art calling,
And blind my eyes to all I should have seen ;
My tongue is dumb when I should speak Thy praises,
My feet are only halting on the way ;
And this poor heart is filled with worldly follies,
That should be Thy pure dwelling-place today.

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Oh, come and heal me, tender, loving Saviour!
Now in compassion lay Thine hand on me,
And fill me with renewéd life and vigor;
For oh, Thou knowest I have need of Thee!
Cast out from me all Thou see'st of evil;
And wash me in the fountain of Thy blood;
And fill me ever with Thy Holy Spirit,
That I henceforth may "wholly follow" God.

Then when Thou hast me purified and holy,
(Though grief and pain be the refining heat,)
Clad in Thy fair and stainless robe immortal,
With Thine own seal upon my forehead set;
Then with exceeding joy shalt Thou present me,
Faultless before Thy blessed Father's throne;
And to Thy name forever be the glory,
For this is what Thy tender love hath done.

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WHILE SHE WAS WITH THEM.

ACTS IX : 39.

"WHILE she was with them;" The scene of old
Is laid in an upper chamber, where
A silent form lies pallid and cold,
And Peter standeth upon the stair;

And widows, mourning the sister dead,
Are showing, with eyes suffused with tears,
The coats and garments that Dorcas made,
"While she was with them," in former years.

"While she was with them," and as I read
With clearer meaning the words I see;
"Full of good works and loving alms-deeds,"
A pure and noble lesson for me.

The path I'm treading, my passing feet,
Shall never more leave their impress on;
For soon I the shining gates will greet,
And passing through, will from sight be gone.

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But here by my side are walking some,
With heads bowed down and with tearful eyes ;
Whose hearts, once merry, are overcome,
By poverty, pain and miseries.

And others without a " Guide " I see,
Struggling along with their weary load ;
Or stumbling and falling helplessly,
Where I with His rod and staff have trod.

Little we think what good may be done,
By a cheerful word or kindly smile ;
By a hand out-stretched to help them on,
Where the way is rough and dark the while.

" While I am with them," oh may it be,
My sweetest pleasure to ease their pain ;
To lift the burdens that here I see,
" For I may not pass this way again."

While we are with them we may not see
The fruits of " bread on the waters " thrown ;
But in the years of eternity,
A full fruition shall be our own.

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JOHN THE BAPTIST.

WHILE the sons of Israel waited, reasoned, wondered, mused, debated,
O'er the prophesies concerning the Messiah who should come;
While they dreamed of exaltation o'er the cruel Roman nation,
And their bruiséd hearts were yearning for a kingdom free from Rome;

There was born in old Judea, in that mountainous area,
One whose voice proclaiméd, crying, "The Messiah is at hand!"
Not of pomp and adoration that attends a coronation,
Cried he, but "Repent, ye dying, ere your Lord among you stand!"

This was he of whose conception, of whose birth and glad reception,
Gabriel had told the father, saying, "Thou shalt call him 'John;'"
"He shall go before Messias, in the spirit of Elias,
And prepare the throngs that gather for the Lord to look upon."

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So when manly strength and vigor had prepared
him for the rigor,
Of the wilderness, and hardships of the life he
was to lead ;
At the Lord's command he started, from his child-
hood's home departed,
With his warning cry ; " Repent ye, for the
Christ is come indeed ! "

Clad in camel's hair and leather, strange and un-
couth altogether,
Locusts and the wild rock-honey were his sus-
tenance alone ;
And still stranger was his teaching, yet so earn-
estly beseeching,
That the multitudes, convicted, came and were
baptized of John.

Then the rulers sent embassage, bringing unto
him this message ;
" Art thou really He whose coming is to make
our hearts rejoice ?
Canst thou be the true Messias, or art thou per-
chance, Elias ? "
But with humble speech he answered, " I am
nothing but a *voice.*

" I am only His fore-runner, of the earth, and
without honor ;
I indeed baptize with water, but One cometh
afterward,—

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He shall baptize with the Spirit and with fire, all ye who hear it;
He it is who, coming after, shall before me be preferred.

"He is from above and holy, I beside Him am but lowly,
And not worthy to unloosen e'en the latchet of His shoes;
I decrease, while He increaseth, His dominion never ceaseth,
Oh, repent! for when He cometh, none unrighteous will He choose."

Then came One with aspect lowly, but divinely pure and holy,
That He might receive baptism 'ere His ministry began;
And the Lord of every nation, bowed to humble consecration,
And the sacred rite accepted, where the Jordan river ran.

Lo, what means this strange transition! saw man ever such a vision?
For the heaven itself was opened o'er this consecrated One;
And the Holy Ghost descended, like a snowy dove, attended
By the voice of God, proclaiming, "This is my belovéd Son!"

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What a blessed revelation, this divine manifestation!
Ah, what reverent emotions in that prophet's breast were stirred!
With God's glory him surrounding, and His voice above him sounding,
Can we wonder that He tells us nothing further that occurred?

But we read a little later, in the words of the narrator;
"John saw Jesus coming toward him," where he with his people stood,
And with awe and wonder gazing on a Saviour so amazing,
He exclaimed to those that followed him, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

This is He, the Christ arising; this is why I came baptizing,
That He might be manifested, as He that hath sent me showed,—
He on whom my Spirit resteth is the One whom thou attesteth,
"And I saw it, and bear record that this is the Son of God!"

Thus this mission was completed, but he still his call repeated,
Still with earnest exhortation preached the faith fully and well;

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'Till his pure and upright teaching to the godless throne out-reaching,
For his boldness he was taken and confined in prison cell.

For his wild, free, desert-dwelling, with the sky its only ceiling,
To a dungeon close and dismal, with its manacles he came;
And so wearisome the fetters that a captive's life embitter,
He at last began to question if the Christ were still the same.

He whose life was spent preparing for Messiah's glad appearing;
Making straight within the desert, for His coming feet a path,
After God himself had given testimony out of heaven,
When his trial came,—was *doubting!* Ah, how weak is human faith!

Now the fame of Jesus' dealing, and His miracles of healing,
Spread throughout the land, and entered e'en the lonely prison cell;
But his doubt still more desiring, he sent messengers inquiring,
If He was the true Messiah, God had promised to reveal.

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But no pompous declaration was received in confirmation,
Only this the Master answered: "Go and tell John what thou'st seen,
Blind and leprous, deaf and halting, in new vigor are exalting;
To the poor is preached the Gospel, and the dead are raised again."

Then to His disciples turning, He began to speak concerning
This great prophet they had journeyed to the wilderness to see;
"This is he of whose appearing wrote the prophet, when declaring:
'Lo, I send one forth before Thee to prepare Thy way for Thee.'

"And I say to you who listen, that among all who have risen,
There hath not been born a greater than this humble prophet John;
He is even that Elias, the fore-runner of Messias,—
But the least of my disciples is today a greater one."

But this greatest prophet risen, languished in his lonely prison,
Till the cruel monarch's folly caused him to be doomed to die;

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But this mandate of his pleasing was to John a glad releasing,
For the headsman's fatal weapon ope'd for him the gates on high.

Then his friends with loving sorrow, bore him to his tomb so narrow,
And then took their grief to Jesus, telling Him the mournful tale;
For the *voice* had ceased forever, the fore-runner's work was over,
He had gone before his Master, even through the mystic vale.

Sadly ends the tragic story, but for him 'twas endless glory,
And the sacred scripture record keeps the pure memorial;
Many lessons it impresseth, but this one my heart most blesseth,
Whate'er sorrow overtakes you, *go and tell the Saviour all.*

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THE LORD MY KEEPER.

THE Lord is my keeper forever,
I cannot get lost from His eye,
Those Arms Everlasting are round me,
A refuge so safe where I fly ;
He says I may come to Him always,
For strength and for comfort and rest ;
And tell Him my joys and my sorrows,
He loves me, and oh, I am blest !

He's kept me from many a danger,
From many a terrible death ;
Whatever I ask for He gives me,
If only I ask Him in faith.
I know He will do what He's promised,
I know He will hear when I cry ;
I know He'll watch over me always,
I know He'll be near when I die.

I know He will take me to heaven,
I know He will welcome me there ;
And give me a place in the mansions
Of glory He went to prepare.
I know I shall look on His beauty,
That Saviour for me crucified ;
And join with the angels to praise Him,
I know it, because—*He has died.*

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I know I am weak and unworthy,
And foolishly given to sin ;
But, blessed Redeemer and Saviour !
The righteous He came not to win.
I boast not of self, but of Jesus,
Who all our humanity knows ;
And boldly declare, with assurance,
I know it, because,—He *arose*.

INDWELLING.

"WHOSOEVER SHALL CONFESS THAT JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD, GOD DWELLETH IN HIM AND HE IN GOD."
—I JOHN, IV : 15.

WHAT meanes thou to ask me why I sing,
And seem all day as happy as a king?
Need I repine,
When God each moment proves to me His love,
And that bright home of happiness above,
Is promised mine?

With joy and gratitude my eyes are dim,
I needs must make a joyful noise to Him
Who gives me voice ;
He is my God, His care shall never cease,
And while He fills me with His perfect peace,
I must rejoice.

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How full of glory are King David's lays!
His very soul pours forth in notes of praise,
His God to bless;
"Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, for all His care!
Ye lands with joyful noise His name declare,
Thy love express!"

Was it not God within that filled his soul,
With happiness a king could not control?
And may not I
Draw in communion sweet as near my God,
Until in Him I find my safe abode;
My full supply?

When I behold His handiwork around,
What makes my heart leap forth with joyful bound;
My tongue sing praise?
I own His hand in all around me spread,
I have acknowledged Him my Light, my Head,
He guides my ways.

And God within me dwells with all His grace,
And I in Him have my abiding place,
My refuge high;
His love perfected all my bosom fills,
Then ask ye why my heart with rapture thrills,
With Him so nigh?

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God is not far above us, bending low
His gracious head, our human wants to know ;
Our prayers to hear ;
But He is Omnipresent, and my cry
Need not be wafted far beyond the sky,
To gain His ear.

But if He in this bosom dwells apart,
And I to His Almighty, loving heart,
Am closely pressed ;
How can He help but hear and feel and know,
My voiceless prayer, my pain, my human woe?
Though unexpressed.

Then may I not entrust to Him my way?
Though sorrows gather oft to cloud my day,
He will sustain.
And may I never let an evil art,
Come in and fill the temple of my heart,
Where He should reign.

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WHOSOEVER.

IN the love of our God ; the Gospel's sweet call,
There's a place for us each, a message for all
There's no one too good to have need of this room;
And none are too weak or too wicked to come.
Here those who are hungry are bidden to feed,
For those who do thirst there is water indeed ;
Here those who rejoice have their blessings increase,
And "whoever will" may find plenty and peace.

The weary and mourning ; the sad and oppressed,
Are pointed to Jesus for solace and rest ;
The "God of all comfort" comes tenderly near,
And lifts every burden of sorrow and fear.
He always is ready to heed when they cry,
And none have a need that he cannot supply ;
And even in joy we're not fully blest,
Until this same Saviour is "bade to the feast."

The man of the world with his dollars untold,
Who has given his life and talents for gold ;
When tossed in the maelstrom of ruin around,
His idol is shattered and thrown to the ground ;

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Then turns his desire to the God long forgot,
And here obtains joy that the world gave him not,
Such peace and sweet comfort as came not of yore,
And sighs, "If I only had known it before!"

The belle who the millionaire's palace hath trod,
With fashion her idol and mammon her god;
When in the same crisis her all hath been slain,
In bitterness learns that this world is but vain.
Then the Spirit of Truth comes near to her heart,
And whispers of pleasures that never depart;
And henceforth her joy in His service is known,
Who saved her from folly and made her His own.

The convict who lies in his desolate cell,
With visions of judgment and terrible hell;
Who raises to heaven his pitiful cry,
"Oh, can there be mercy for one such as I?"
Finds light in his darkness and rest from his doubt,
For whoever cometh is never cast out;
Not righteous, but sinners, came Jesus to save,
And those who are needy are those who may have.

The sailors who dwell on the wide, rolling sea,
Put ever their trust in God's holy decree,
These see all His wonderful works in the deep,
And love the wild billows that rock them to sleep;
In trouble they cry to the Lord over all,
Who only can save or deliver at all;
And know if they perish afar from the strand,
They'll lie in the hollow of His loving hand.

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The farmer rejoices in tilling the ground,
And viewing the beauties of Nature around ;
The works of the Maker are ever outspread,
On the glorious earth and sky overhead.
He knows he may plant and may water and hoe,
But God's hand alone can the increase bestow,
So led through sweet Nature's communion to prayer,
The heart of the farmer is lifted from care.

The slave and the heathen may learn of this way,
And cast down forever their idols of clay,
Though black and uncultured and ignorant too,
Their souls may be washed and made whiter than snow.
If sharing the bondage of Ishmael here,
How sweet will their heaven of freedom appear,
To cry out no more 'neath the lash's cruel sting,
But to be made like to their glorious King.

Oh, let not the wise in his wisdom delight,
And let not the mighty man glory in might;
Let neither the rich find in riches his bliss,
But let him that glorieth, glory in this ;
That he understandeth and knoweth the Lord,
And studieth daily to follow His word,
Who yields no respect to the person or name,
But whoever cometh is welcome the same.

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The rich and the poor and the black and the white,
The convict, the slave to the base appetite;
The young and the old and the high and the low,
At the name of Jesus together shall bow.
All over the earth and over the sea,
In the blood of the Lamb shall souls be made free;
And into one fold when the trumpet shall call,
Yes, blessed be God! He will gather us all.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

ROMANS VIII: 28.

THEY "work together," all these little things,
That, taken singly, vex us and annoy;
The little griefs and heartaches, slights and stings,
That come to darken all our hours of joy.

Together with the heavier weights of woe,
The pressing sorrows that would crush us down,
When all His billows o'er us seem to flow,
And all our brightest hopes are overthrown.

E'en as the sculptor's single mallet stroke,
Leaves on the marble but an ugly place;
But many such have angel visions woke,
And "work together" to increase its grace.

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So does our loving Father unto us,
He knows how best to chisel and to trim;
Yet does not willingly afflict us thus,
But seeks to make us more and more like Him.

He knows what mansions we are to adorn,
What holy ones our company must share;
What shining garments in that land are worn,
And He would make us fit to enter there.

Oh, happy they who love Him, and receive
With patient trust whate'er of good or ill,
Rejoicing all their powers to Him to give,
To work in them according to His will.

LUKE IX: 28-36.

THE Saviour chose three of His people one day,
And led them apart to a mountain to pray;
And there was transfigured before them in light,
With radiant glory that blinded their sight,
While two shining beings appeared from the sky,
And spake of the terrible death He should die.

It seems as they gazed on His glorified face,
A wonderful cloud overshadowed the place;
Enveloping all, as it were, in a shroud,

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And they feared as they entered into the cloud,
And fell on their face to the ground, it is said,
Till Jesus said unto them, "Be not afraid."

Then a loud voice out of the glory they heard,
Saying "This is my loved Son, hear ye His word!"
And the cloud passed away; the vision was gone,
And they were left there with the Saviour alone.
How blessed the moments to them must have been,
As they talked with Jesus of what they had seen!

I thought as I read o'er the story again,
How weak must the faith of these people have been!
For however strange might those visions appear,
How could they be fearful since Jesus was there?
Though they could not see Him they knew He was nigh,
Inveiled by the glory of God from on high.

Then my heart was rebuked for the haste I had shown,
As I saw that their case was akin to my own,
How often have clouds overshadowed my life?
Deep clouds of affliction and sorrow and strife;
And have I not murmured and trembled with fear?
When all the time Jesus, my Saviour, was there!

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[illegible]

[illegible] has not the cloud oftimes proven to be,
[illegible] the visible sign of Jehovah with me?
[illegible] through the thick gloom I could almost have heard
[illegible] His own voice declaring that "I am the Lord!"
[illegible] I have feared what His coming might bring
[illegible] the cloud has a silver lining.

[illegible] in the cloud there have passed from my sight
[illegible] I have loved to the kingdom of light,
[illegible] all may have fled when the vision is gone,
[illegible] with Jesus, my Saviour, alone;
[illegible] and happy my portion would be,
[illegible] Jesus is all things, forever, for me!

[illegible] those three to go up with Him there,
[illegible] His heavenly glory to share;
[illegible] happy they whom His cloud passes o'er!
[illegible] whom He loveth He chasteneth sore,
[illegible] here we tremble and fear 'neath the [illegible]
[illegible] shall behold all the glory of God!

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ST. JOHN XIV: 22.

OH, what a wondrous God have I!
Maker of all the earth and sky;
Wonder of wonders! He should deign,
Here in my heart to live and reign:
I am so glad His child to be,
Christ has revealed Himself to me.

"He that believeth on the Son,
Hath everlasting life begun;"
Yes, I believe. This ends the strife,
Now I have passed from death to life,
Once I was blind, but now I see,
Christ has revealed Himself to me.

If I confess that Christ is He,
I am in God and God in me;
Wonderful joy! I can but sing,
Thus to be joined unto my King;
Oh, what a blessing, rich and free,
Christ has revealed Himself to me!

Men go dancing and rushing by,
After earth's vanities they fly;
Grasping bubbles that burst in air,

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Only to find delusion there.
Better than all earth's joys can be,
Christ has revealed Himself to me.

Naught care I for their laughter bold,
They call me "pious," "slow and old;"
The cards, the races and the dance,
Can never satisfy my wants,
Blest be His name who sets me free!
And has revealed Himself to me.

I have a better joy than they,
Jesus is with me every day,
Can He, my holy Lord, be found,
In theater or in circus ground?
Where He is not I will not be,
Since He reveals Himself to me.

When I look up to yonder sky,
Filled with majesty, what am I?
How can man, a worm of the sod,
Flaunt himself in the face of God?
What is the world when Him I see,
Who has revealed Himself to me?

Following in the ways of sin,
Still they expect to "enter in;"
Not God Himself to see, care they,
But their loved who have passed away;
Poor, deaf and blind, they will not see,
Yet He reveals Himself to me.

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'Tis not all for an entrance there,
Though so mighty, He hears my prayer ;
Asks for my feeble service too,
Oh, what a privilege to do
Something to swell His praise, since He
Thus has revealed Himself to me.

All that I have to Him I'll give,
He is the power by which I live,
Safe in His hand I am at rest ;
Sweet is the love that fills my breast,
How can I want earth's vanity?
Christ has revealed Himself to me.

APPROVED.

II TIMOTHY II: 15.

"APPROVED of God," oh, highest of ambition !
Not craving praise of men, nor earth's renown,
But with a pure heart seeking God's approval,
Thy sure reward at last, His promised crown.
Asking at every step divine direction,
For He the end from the beginning knows ;
Thy hand in His, thy feet can never falter,
No power can move thee if He with thee goes.

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Do with thy might whate'er thy hand performeth !
For in the grave thou soon must lay thee down ;
There, busy hands may rest upon the bosom,
No work, device, nor knowledge can be known.
Thou'rt placed on earth to fit thyself for heaven,
Improve the moments, for so few are thine ;
In every deed seek first thy Master's blessing,
No task too hard will He to thee assign,

Go not about thy task with footsteps lagging,
Weary and sad, with sighs of discontent ;
Borne down the stream of life like floating drift-wood,
By rippling wavelets down the current sent ;
Thrown in the torrent by some angry storm-wind,
Now drifting, now at ease on some smooth sea,
As surely as 'twill soon be lost in ocean,
Thou'rt drifting onward to eternity.

Be up and doing ! Life at best is fleeting,
Do heartily thy work, as to the Lord,
Exert thyself to do the Master's bidding,
Sure that the faithful never miss reward.
How blessed in that day when every building
Is tried by fire, to have thy work approved ;
And as pure gold be brought before the Master,
To show Him that this workman truly loved.

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Thou needst not be ashamed when in thy bosom
The "peace that passeth understanding" dwells;
Showing that God has given his approval,
And every deed thy hand performeth tells
That thou His word of truth hast rightly studied,
And,—as the seal of His foundation is;—
Thou shalt be found among the blood-washed number,
Of whom 'tis said: "He knoweth they are His."

TO B——.

NOT fame, position, nor large estate,
Belong to the man whom Christ calls "great";
The highest honor the Master gives,
The simple service of humble lives.

'Tis the loving heart that trusts His will,
And owns His wisdom in good or ill;
Who consecrates to the Lord his all,
Be his sphere of service e'er so small;

Who gives his mite with a willing hand,
A purpose true and a soul unstained;
Whose feet the "Gospel of Peace" hath shod—
Aye, such an one is "Approved of God."

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SLEEP.

TO all heavy-laden and careworn,
Fatigued with the day of toil;
With hearts over-burdened with sorrow,
So weary of earth's turmoil;
How welcome and sweet is the twilight!
When shadows around us creep;
And we close our eyes on the present,
And quietly fall asleep.

And thus when our footsteps here falter,
Life's shadows begin to slant;
The burden weighs heavily on us,
And silvers our locks so scant;
How sweetly the voice of the Master,
Calls us from labor to keep;
And safe on His bosom reposing,
"He giveth His loved ones sleep."

Whene'er on this earth we awaken
To the shining light of day,
We wake to go forth to our labor,
And climb life's mountainous way;
But oh,—in that other awaking,
The smile of God will shine down;
And we 'll rest in glory forever,
The cross exchanged for the crown.

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A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

SING to God a glad thanksgiving,
Children, for His loving care;
For His bountiful provision
Scattered freely everywhere.
He His loving hand doth open,
And entirely satisfy
The desires of all His children,
From His treasure-house on high.

Peace and plenty have been granted,
While another year has fled,
And we render now thanksgiving,
To our Guardian and Head.
Never shepherd watched and tended,
Fed or loved his flock as He;—
We from evil are defended,
Resting in security.

Though our lot be with the lowly,
And our earthly treasures few,
We may always find occasion,
Our thanksgiving to renew;

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Life and health and food and raiment,
Friends to cheer in lonely hours ;—
Or His manifold creation,
Earth and sky and birds and flowers.

We've a true and loving Saviour,
And the Bible's precious store :
His sweet promises can give us
Joy unspeakable and more.
All the world and life's sweet blessings,
Death and an eternal bliss,
All the present and the future,
All are ours and we are His.

May we dwell in sweet communion,
With Thee, Saviour, day by day,
In a full and perfect union,
With Thy law in every way.
Then shall joy and adoration,
Overflow from every breast ;
Songs of praises and thanksgiving,
For the peace of perfect rest.

If our friends have gone before us,
And attained their journey's end,
What a happy, glad thanksgiving,
In His presence they will spend !
"Blessing, glory, power, thanksgiving,
Wisdom, honor" they ascribe,
To the Lamb of God forever,
Praise from every tongue and tribe.

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HIGHER.

BE not content to sit thee down in peace,
All satisfied with what thou hast attained,
Because accepted through the Saviour's grace;
For "by no single bound is heaven gained."

Know that the battle by the brave is won,
Not all that run the race receive the prize;
With purest deeds and noble actions done,
We "build our ladder to the vaulted skies."

Life is a warfare with the powers of sin,
Each for himself the conflict must endure,
'Gainst foes without and enemies within,
We fight to make our own salvation sure.

Look up to where, forevermore enthroned,
We see the world's Redeemer for us wait,
Once "conflict scarred," He now is "glory crowned;"
And "rainbow covered" in eternal state,

And has made possible for us to wear,
A "purity that's whiter than the snow;"
A "character more lofty than the stars,"
And "deeper than the depths of space below."

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"A knowledge wider than an angel's scope,"
Ranging from sphere to sphere in endless flight;
From glory unto glory without stop,
Forever onward with increasing light.

There is no idleness: no standing still,
We must be either going up or down,
May God's dear hand be underneath us all,
That, though we fall, He yet may hold His own.

I, EVEN I, AM HE.

ISA 43. 25.

(Paraphrase of a sermon.)

THE mighty God, Jehovah,
The "I am that I am,"
Speaks to His wayward people,
Who sinned against His name.
"Thy manifold transgressions,
So hateful unto me,
Are blotted out forever,
I, even I, am He."

A private secretary,
Or substitute will do,
To execute commissions,
And take the charge for you;

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But in important cases,
The Master's hand alone,
Must sign and seal the writing,
That it may be well done.

And to my understanding,
Stupendous is the thought ;
The work of our salvation,
Our God himself hath wrought ;
Not Moses nor the prophets,
"I, even I, am He" ;
And whom God saves and pardons,
Is saved eternally.

He tells me my transgressions,
Behind His back are cast,
But to find that location,
Hath all my knowledge passed.
In all the earth and heaven,
He doth forever dwell ;
Where can He then have put them ?
Unless it be in *hell.*

He has cast all my burden,
Into the depths of sea,
So that its waves are rolling,
Between my sins and me.
They cannot return, ever,
To vex me, one by one,
Yes, when God saves and pardons,
It is forever done.

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Not for their sakes He did it,
For favor there was none ;
He looked upon the people,
There was none good, not one.
But with a great compassion ;
A Father's heart of love,
For His own sake He suffered,
Their bondage to remove.

His heart was filled with pity,
For all their sin and strife ;
He cried, "Ye will not seek me,
That I might give you life !"
He knew they bore His image,
Though by their shame brought low ;
And for His own name's glory,
Free ransom did bestow.

The Father, Son and Spirit,
Almighty Trinity ;
Unite for our redemption,
"I, even I, am He."
Oh, when we think how Jesus
Suffered and shed His blood ;
Remember that behind Him,
Was the great love of God.

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ST. JOHN VI : 27.

WHEN we have passed the borderland of Time,
And know the joys of that eternal clime ;
Have laid our burdens down forevermore,
And look back on them from the other shore ;

How foolish then will seem these hopes and fears,
These little griefs that bring us bitter tears ;
The petty trials of each passing hour,
Our many yieldings to the tempter's power ;

Our weary toil and struggle day by day,
For things that only molder and decay ;
Things which are needful for this lower earth,
Yet seem so meager and of little worth.

How vain and weak the passions that we know,
Our strife for glory and external show ;
The pride with which we wrap our garments round,
And meet no humbler man on common ground.

When in the shining raiment of that land,
"In bright array" we join the angel band,
What will it matter how we dressed below,
Whether in velvet or in calico.

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There we shall find that those most near the throne,
Where God will place the choicest of His own,
Will be pure souls who lived so humbly here,
The haughty world passed by them with a sneer.

When He who is our King of Kings appears,
And His "Well Done" is sounding in our ears,
We shall not think how we have been oppressed;
We shall forget all sorrow in His rest.

There shall all labor and oppression cease,
There shall be quiet rest and endless peace;
There shall the Holy Spirit from above,
Make us all one in unity of love.

EASTER SONG.

WELCOME the glorious morning,
When the dead Saviour awoke;
When on earth's darkness and sorrow,
A wonderful glory broke!
Death could not hold our Redeemer,
We from its bondage are freed;
Shout, all ye sons of creation!
Sing, "He is risen indeed!"

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Wake, oh, my soul, from your slumber!
Cast all your fetters away!
With the new garments of Easter,
Wear a new spirit today!
Bring to some brother in darkness,
This blessed light from the skies;
Then to his heart this glad season,
Christ in His beauty shall rise!

"JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR."

ST. LUKE XXIV: 15.

WHENEVER I read the sweet story,
How that Jesus Himself drew near;
And walked with His mourning disciples,
Who knew not what Presence did cheer;—
I think He is always beside us,
If only we knew He was here.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus draw near at this moment,
I *long* for Thy Presence so sweet!
Oh, grant that my eyes may be opened,
My risen Redeemer to greet!

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He's waiting to see if we want Him,
The hand we outstretch He will take;
He'll walk to the end of the journey,
Our bread with a blessing will break;
He 'll tenderly comfort our sorrows,
Our burdens so easy will make.
—CHORUS.

I enter His temple so holy,
Low down at His altar I kneel,
And there, while I tremble with rapture,
His glorious Presence I feel;
For Jesus Himself draweth near me.
My poor, broken spirit to heal.
—CHORUS.

I ponder the words of the Master,
And think of our wonderful Guide;
While busied with duties that press me,
And Jesus draws near to my side;
It hallows the homeliest labor,
So near unto Him to abide.
—CHORUS.

Such peace in my bosom He giveth,
My heart, it is burning within!
To feel I am walking with *Jesus*,
To *know* He forgiveth my sin;
And oh, in that heavenly kingdom,
'Tis life everlasting to win!
CHORUS—Oh, Jesus draw near—

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TO H——.

WHERE your manhood's strength is needed,
Sin's dominion to overthrow;
With "Excelsior" your banner,
As a brave young soldier, go;
"All for Jesus" be your motto,
And this prayer your heart within;
"Lead me not into temptation,
But deliver me from sin."

THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT.

LEV. XVII: 11. I PET. I: 19.

THE trembling lamb was slaughtered by priests in olden time.
A sacrifice for sins of Israel's host;
And its warm blood was sprinkled upon the altar there,
To offer an atonement for the lost.

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For God said unto Moses, "The blood I give to you,
Upon your altar sprinkled let it be;
It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul,
A sacrifice acceptable to me."

But Jesus Christ was offered on Calvary for me,
His blood was freely sprinkled for my sin;
He gave His life a ransom to set the sinner free,
And opened heaven that we may enter in.

Oh, precious blood of Jesus, by which we are redeemed!
The Lamb of God, all spotless, pure and whole;
Once sprinkled on the altar, a sacrifice complete,
It makes a full atonement for my soul.

FOR THE "SHUT IN" CHRISTIAN.

LAM. III: 26.

I WAS learning the joy of service,
And sweet was the work unto me;
I wanted to glorify Jesus,
And tell of His mercy so free.

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I started out bravely to battle,
So eager to follow His will;
When quickly His hand was laid on me,
He bade me go home and lie still.

CHORUS.

Praise God! I am going to prove Him!
And in His dear hand lie still;
The friends of the world may forsake me,
But Jesus Christ never will.

So now I am learning subjection,
Till His blessed purpose is known;
I also can serve Him by waiting,
And keeping so close to the throne.
I want Him to take me and use me,
As best it will answer His will;
Sometimes it was hard to go forward,
But now 'tis so hard to lie still.

—CHORUS.

When others are pressing so boldly,
Right on to the front of the ranks,
I'll hold up their hands in the conflict,
And in their rejoicing give thanks;
I'll glorify God in my prison,
While o'er me His spirit doth shine;
And some day the clouds shall be parted,
And blessed reward shall be mine!

—CHORUS.

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FOR EASTER.

OH, appalling desolation !
Every ray of hope had fled,
When the One in whom we trusted
To redeem our race lay dead.

God of wonders ! What a morning
Burst in glory on the gloom !
" He is risen !" " He is risen !"
Dark and empty is the tomb !

Shout, ye nations, " He is risen !"
Round the earth it rings today !
None can bar us from His presence,
For the stone is rolled away !

Hallelujah ! He is risen !
Raise your pæans to the skies !
And from out death's dreary prison,
In His likeness we may rise !

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A CHRISTMAS SONG.

TO the lowly manger
Eager shepherds came,
Seeking for the infant Saviour,
Angels did proclaim ;
And the wise men came to worship,
When they saw the guiding star,
Bringing stores of treasure,
From the eastern land afar ;
For the joyful tidings are :
Christ is born ! Deliv'rer !

Make your heart as humble,
As that manger blest,
Then may Christ, the dear Redeemer,
Enter in and rest ;
Bring Him gold and myrrh and incense,
Of your love and service true ;
Then the promised blessing,
Shall so sweetly come to you ;
" Peace on earth " be sung anew,
Christ is born ! Born in you !

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A VISION.

ONE day I had a vision, or, call it what you may,
I know I was not dreaming, I know of what I say ;
I thought I went to heaven, I stood in Paradise,
With all that promised kingdom spread out before my eyes.
And as I looked upon it I stood transfixed, amazed,
On such stupendous glories no mortal ever gazed !
If I could make you see it, such scenes I witnessed then,
You'd never care for pleasures the world can give again;
I've often heard about it, but now I know 'twill seem,
The truth is far exceeding our wildest, fondest dream !
So are God's doings always our feeble thought beyond,—
Imagine you a palace one solid diamond !
And millions of such mansions, of every kind of gem,
All shining with such glitter you cannot look at them !

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The walls were made of jasper, built very great and high,
Twelve gates of pearl I counted, of purest brilliancy,
All manner of bright jewels in the foundations shone ;
The streets were gold, transparent, like glass to look upon.
A river of pure water, whose depth was crystal clear ;
Whose softly rippling murmur was pleasant to the ear,
Flowed between banks of verdure and cast its silver spray,
Where angel bands were walking, and cherubs came to play ;
And on its shining margin, deep-rooted in the stream,
Grew trees whose golden fruitage was like Aladdin's dream !

Such gardens filled with beauty ! Such fields of living green !
Such flowers, such trees, such fountains as earth has never seen !
And children here were sporting, my *own dear child was there*,
A golden crown of glory upon her shining hair :
And He who walked among them, and held your darling's hand,
Was fairest of ten thousand, majestic, sweet and grand,

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And oh, the light of heaven ! No need of sun nor moon ;
No need of candles lighted where night is never known !
The brightness of God's glory fills all those courts above,
And Christ, the Lamb once offered, He is the Light thereof.
No mortal pen can picture, in any words of ours,
The light that blazed and sparkled on all those glitt'ring towers !
So marvelous the splendor that yonder burning sun,
Is but a feeble glimmer in the comparison !
My eyes were blinded by it, *my trembling soul was awed—*
There I beheld before me the *great, white throne of God !*

I could not look upon it, I fell upon my face,
And heard the chant of angels filling the holy place ;
I heard their voices ringing with melody so sweet,
My soul was filled with rapture the chorus to repeat !

And multitudes of people, such as no man could 'tell,
Of every tribe and nation in that bright world did dwell ;

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Arrayed in pure white garments, with palms and
crowns of gold,
Around that throne they gathered, with songs of
joy untold.
And fairer than all others among that company,
I saw my father standing and beckoning to me.

And when their harps they sounded, and cried with
loud acclaim ;
"All blessing, honor, glory and power be to the
Lamb !
Because Thou hast redeemed us with thine own
blood out-poured,
And purchased our salvation, Most Holy, Holy
Lord ! "
Then what unearthly music resounded o'er and
o'er,
The voice of many waters : the thunder's crash and
roar !

Did not I long to join them? Could I return
again,
And find delight in sharing the vain pursuits of
men?
My father's arms extended : my child's enraptured
face,
And many other loved ones, changed in immortal
grace,—
I tried to rise and enter with eager, trembling feet ;
When a most wondrous Being came down the
shining street,

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He bade me stop, and questioned with voice so sad,
so stern ;
" For all my loving kindness, how have you made
return ?
What harvest from my vineyard have you brought
home tonight ?
Why are you empty-handed ? Where is your robe
of white ?
Not all who call upon me with empty words of love,
But they who do my pleasure, shall my salvation
prove.

" These are my faithful workers, who sought my
erring sheep,
They climbed o'er rugged mountains, they waded
waters deep ;
They labored, fought and struggled, cast down, but
not dismayed,
On some of them great burdens of suffering was
laid ;
They met all loss and trial with songs of faith and
love ;
Some died in fearful torture their faithfulness to
prove.
They washed their robes till spotless in my redeem-
ing blood,
Therefore are they forever before the throne of
God.

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No more of thirst, nor hunger, nor suffering from heat,
For by these living fountains I lead their blesséd feet;
No more of death nor sorrow; no more discordant cries,
For God shall wipe all traces of weeping from their eyes.

"And are you fit to join them, poor, self-conceited child?
Within this holy city comes naught that is defiled,
What have you done or suffered? Whom have you sought to win?
My fields are white to harvest, where have you idle been?
You thought that you were better than others that you knew;
You *did not love your neighbor* as I *have lovéd you.*

"Where is your erring sister, my bruised and wandering lamb?
You drew aside in horror, and gave her only blame,
She cried aloud for mercy into my willing ear;
The place for you intended is given unto her.

"I saw you pass that drunkard upon the other side,
You would not touch his clothing; it was for him *I died*;

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And he is here rejoicing, redeemed at last from sin,
The prize you passed unheeded, another gathered in,
I came to save lost sinners, and verily 'tis true,
The publicans and harlots are first, instead of you.

"This is my Father's kingdom, where I with him did dwell,
I left it all on purpose to rescue you from hell;
I came and dwelt among you in poverty and woe,
And tasted all the sorrows that mortal flesh must know,
But I was spurned, rejected, men did my love despise,
I suffered all the torture their hatred could devise,
And all for *love*, to give you what was my right alone;
To share with me my glory, and sit upon my throne,
Was it not worth your notice? It cost me such a price,
To save you from destruction, and give you Paradise.
But when I brought it to you, I had to *beg* and *plead*,
That you should come and take it, but I *did not succeed*.

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You chose earth's empty pleasures for one breif
fleeting day,
And cast aside these glories that never pass away ;
I called, but you refused me, you met me with a
sneer,
Now, though you knock forever, *you cannot enter
here.*"

Do you suppose I sorrow that I am still on earth,
With still some time to labor for souls of priceless
worth?
One littte hour to bring Him the service He de-
mands,
Shall I not gladly hasten with willing heart and
hands?
My life, my love, my talents, and all that fortune
brings,
Give to this wondrous Saviour, this mighty King
of Kings!
Then shall He bid me welcome unto that land of
light,
And I may join the ransomed who walk with Him
in white.

God gave this vision to me, to teach me what is
true,
Will you not seek the kingdom he has prepared
for you?
I've tried to show you heaven, I think God meant
I should,
I'd take you all there with me, in earnest, *if I could.*

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"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

MATT. V: 8.

"THE pure in heart are blessed," said our Saviour,
When earth He trod,
Looking above earth's darkness and pollution,
"They shall see God."

And some are seeking to be chaste and holy,
And grow in grace;
That sometime they may stand before His Presence,
And see His face.

They need not wait for His eternal kingdom,
To see Him. Nay,
They see and know and feel Him every moment,
Of every day.

The pure in heart see God in every blossom,
In every star;
In every snowflake and in every sunbeam,
His glories are.

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The heart is His own Spirit's chosen temple,
If pure it be,
He says that He will enter in and ever,
Abide with me.

When He has made my heart an holy temple,
For His abode,
Filled with the peace that passeth understanding,
I shall see God.

"His Presence shall go with them" all the journey,
"And give them rest,"
Oh, who would not be gladly numbered with them,
To be thus blest.

They that see God are blessed, for in seeing
They shall be pure,
With eyes fixed on the brightness of His glory,
What can allure?

They have no need for aught the world can offer,
When Him they see,
Their spirits thrilled with rapture and with longing,
Like Him to be.

The light of His own purity reflected,
Shall give them grace
Till changed into His image in the kingdom,
They see His face.

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SCHOOL-GIRL RHYMES.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

OH yes, I know the world is full of books,
And poetry is plentier than gold ;
But I must write, if only to relieve,
My mind and heart, which seem too full to hold.
I love this gift of poetry and song,
With all the passion of my human heart,
Such untold blessing has it brought to me,
It of my very being seems a part.
'Tis like a helping hand upon my way,
It lifts my burdens, lighter makes my woes ;
Rests me when weary ; comforts me when sad,
And in my gladness wells and overflows.

I may not claim the wisdom of a bard,
Nor in the poet's honors share a part ;
To some my lines may childish seem and weak,
(I never studied rhythm as an art.)
For some were written on my school-room slate,
When as a child I idled at my task ;
And gave myself to reverie and dreams,
Until the master did my lesson ask.

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Then do not scan them with a critic's eye,
And smile upon the rudeness of my speech;
But charitably pass my errors by,
And take the meaning that I fain would reach.

I know it is my Maker tunes my heart,
And thus inspires me by His power divine;
Without His Spirit I indeed am weak,
His be the glory, nothing shall be mine.
But if in that great day when all are tried,
Some ransomed soul shall say that he was blest;
And given courage on the weary way,
By my few thoughts, so weakly all expressed;
And if indeed, such blessing shall be mine,
To add new glory to His diadem;
To have one star upon my brow to shine,
I shall be glad that I have published them.

THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.

YE army of the blue,
Who march the country through,
Ever your course pursue,
Till peace shall reign;
To battle for the right,
King Alcohol to fight;
Until before your sight,
He falleth slain.

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Oh, may the Saviour bless
You, as you onward press;
And give you great success,
On every hand!
E'er may your ranks increase,
Who fight for love and peace;
Till Rum's great demon cease
To curse our land.

Hasten that blessèd day,
When all without delay,
Shall cast their wine away;
And seek the rill,
Whence flows the water cold,
More precious far than gold,
Or wine that e'er was sold,—
And drink their fill.

Then on, ye band of blue!
And to your pledge be true;
May God your strength renew
A thousand fold!
Till o'er our peaceful land,
We see, on every hand,
The water army stand,
A firm stronghold.

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THANKSGIVING.

ANOTHER year has rolled away,
And on this dear old holiday,
Again we meet as oft before,
Rejoicing in a well-filled store ;
With love to all our joys increase,
This truly is a day of peace.

For ages past the sire and son,
Have made this day a joyful one ;
Parents and children gladly came,
From laughing babe to gray-haired dame.
With granaries and cellars stored,
They loved to meet and thank the Lord.

A pleasant sight it is to see,
Those tables laden heavily ;
To hear the infant's joyful shout,
As he and "grandpa" run about ;
In prayer and praise their voices blend,
When the short day comes to an end.

This day, as our loved ones we meet,
Is there with us an empty seat?
Do we not miss some cherished friend,
Who used with us these days to spend?

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Some childish voice or silvered head,
That now are laid among the dead?

If not, we will His name adore,
Who lets us gather here once more;
If so, we'll give Him praise that we
May meet them in eternity.
When partings fill our hearts with pain,
Though 'tis our loss, 'tis their great gain.

Methinks that in this blesséd time,
When praises rise from every clime,
And hearts are filled with light and love,
There must be joy in heaven above.
The angels that surround the throne,
Shall join with us to praise the Son.

This day we'll not, with self to please,
Invite our souls to feast at ease,
While some poor soul may hungry be,
Without a home or dear roof-tree;
But we will feed His starving poor,
Nor turn them empty from our door.

While we rejoice to do His will,
And feel His love our bosoms thrill,
May none of us in anguish cry,
"The harvest's past, the summer's by,
And I am not within the fold,"
Then let us come, both young and old.

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AUTUMN.

OH Autumn, thou the queen, art clad in splendor,
Reigning triumphant o'er our country now,
Since gentle Summer, in her modest beauty,
Has laid the crown from off her lovely brow.

Thy fond admirers who, before thine altars,
Revel in fruitage from thy gracious hands,
Shall fall in adoration on their faces,
At sight of all the grandeur of thy lands.

Ah, Autumn, 'tis not thou who should be worshipped,
Because thy fields and vines are richly dressed;
But 'tis thy Maker, who ordained thy glory,
Who willed it that we should with thee be blest.

Look at yon stately mountain, robed in beauty,
Or this one tree, for instance, standing near;
What handsome shades our Father's hand has painted
To please the eyes of us He holds most dear.

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Here is a spot of orange or of crimson,
Into the midst of which bright gold is tossed ;
And here are mingled brown and scarlet masses,
Shaded by green that has withstood the frost.

To try if we shall cling to earth forever,
To test our love for the bright promised home,
He throws about us a most gorgeous mantle,
And paints with matchless hues the arching dome.

And then, with wisdom that is ever mighty,
He lets the bright leaves fade and fall and die,
To show how transient is all earthly glory,
How lasting is our immortality!

But, as the gentle autumn breezes carry
Each, like a bright-hued bird down to the ground,
They will be gathered, and in dreary winter,
Adorn the walls of many homes around.

What saith the Word of Truth? — prophetic vision, —
"We all as leaves do fade and fall away;"
Oh, may we be by tender angels gathered,
To shine in heavenly places in that day.

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THE CALL OF CHRIST.

I SEEK not the righteous,
  Who never knew sin ;
The purse-proud and haughty,
  I came not to win.

I call not the lordly,
  In Pharisee halls,
Who worship in public,
  And bow on the walls.

Who thank the Creator,
  With loud voicéd pride,
That they are more holy
  Than all men beside.

Who sneer at the sinner,
  As humbly he cries,
And pleads for the mercy
  Of God in the skies.

The lofty world-righteous,
  I came not to win ;
I call for the sinners,
  And gather them in.

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I look on the humble,
  Who fall on their face,
And cry for God's mercy
  And pardoning grace ;

Who look not up boldly,
  But beat on the breast ;
Oh, such will I gather,
  For they are the blest.

The blood that flowed freely,
  On Calvary's cross,
Shall purge their vile raiment,
  And free them from dross ;

The pure shining portals
  Wide open shall swing,
And as they do enter,
  Archangels will sing !

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

(SCHOOL ESSAY.)

I SEEM to see before my eyes,
  A boulder old and gray,
Whose sides are seamed and rent with age,
  For long has been its day.

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And over all its rugged sides,
The thick, dark mosses cling,
While from protecting crevices,
The birds, its tenants, sing.

Now as I look, a little stone
Comes gaily skipping by,
Thrown by some careless school-boy hand,
And thus it seems to cry :

"Halloo, old Graybeard ! Look at me !
I'm free to roll and skip,
I'm thankful I am not like you,
Just like a foundered ship !"

(How different their spheres must be !
Ah, foolish little stone,
His life is nobler far than yours,
Though gray and mossy grown.)

Then straight ahead he quickly ran,
And never seemed to tire ;
A frog-pond just before him lay,
He sank beneath its mire.

Alas ! how sad the ending came,
To such a joyful trip !
Where is his boasted freedom now ?
Himself a sunken ship.

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So they that boast they're free to run,
And won't "sign off their right,"
Will find that when they reach the end,
They're in a sorry plight.

Now here a lesson draw, my friends,
And thus our thoughts engross,
How true the maxim, "Rolling stones
Do gather up no moss."

How true to nature is the scene,
The foolish skipping by,
And laughing at the steady ones,
Who plod, but cannot fly.

When teacher sets a task so long,
'Twill take your time from play;
You're indispensible at home,
"Must be excused a day."

And then you have a little time,
To try your skates or gun,
Or take a sleigh-ride out of town,
And have "such jolly fun!"

And when one day of grace is passed,
You think, "That was unique,
The master'll never think of me,
I'll make the day a week!"

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And so it goes throughout the term,
Quite often more than once;
And thus you keep the rest behind,
And make yourself a dunce.

Where do we get our Governor,
Our President or King?
Such men as Hawley or as Platt,
Whom politicians sing?

These are the stones that gather moss,
Abiding in their place,
While those that roll and waste their time,
But fill the empty space.

Nor would you always like to be
A foolish rolling stone;
And never learn a useful thing,
But live a life unknown?

You know that all these little things
Are your own private loss,
Remember that a stone that rolls
Will gather up no moss.

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GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

IF with a bird's fleet wings,
  We rise from earthly things,
  Through clouds and air ;
The stars that glitter high,
Would to us seem to cry
  That God is there.

If, with a terror dread,
We seek the ocean bed,
  From God to fly ;
The wonders that are there,
Say "God is everywhere,"
  In sea or sky.

Yes, Thou art everywhere,
In sea or sky or air,
  In bird or tree ;
The fields of waving grain,
The mountain and the plain,
  All speak of Thee,

But wonders here below,
That Thou created so,
  Are made less fair,

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By thought of that above,
Which Thou in wondrous love,
Went to prepare.

And when o'er Jordan cold
We pass, to streets of gold,
And mansions fair ;
With what a joyful song,
We'll haste the streets along,
And see Thee there.

A PLEA FOR JOHN CHINAMAN.

SCHOOL ESSAY.

JOHN CHINAMAN has never know,
The God whom we adore,
But bows himself to wood and stone,
Upon his distant shore.

He forms his gods with his own hands,
And in his darkened mind
Believes they answer his demands,
Nor thinks them deaf and blind.

He knows no language save his own,
So strange to cultured ears ;
But what though other nations groan,
If but his idol hears ?

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He has not learned from the blest Book,
His enemies to love ;
To smile upon an angry look,
And thus the wrath remove.

Still does he bear with meekest grace
The rude contempt and scorn,
Of some who have no nobler race,
And were no higher born.

We do no more than he has done,
For born in Christian lands,
We're taught to worship Christ, the Son,
And follow His commands.

We worship Jesus, whom we ought
Forever to adore ;
He also does as he was taught,
By those who knew no more.

The land is free to Erins race,
Or Afric's dark-skinned sons,
And why should we forbid a place,
To these, as worthy ones?

Should he not mingle with the rest
Our love and friendship share ;
E'en though he is so oddly dressed,
And likes to plait his hair?

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If we forbid him entrance here,
But send across the sea,
God's servants to instruct him there,
To whom to bow the knee ;

Will he not spurn them from his coast,
And scorn their proffered aid ;
And will not thus his soul be lost,
And he our foe be made ?

You know how Abraham in ire,
Did banish from his door,
The man who made a god of fire,
And sheltered him no more ;

How God was angry at the sin,
And thus to Abram said ;
" Where is the man thou tookest in,
To share with him thy bed ?

" Lo, while these hundred years have been,
I've borne him in my sight ;
And couldst not thou, thyself unclean,
Bear with him one short night ? "

Are we not children of one God,
With each a deathless soul ?
Did not the Saviour shed His blood,
To make this sinner whole ?

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Shall he not come to our fair land,
Where Freedom's banners toss?
Shall we not take him by the hand,
And point him to the cross?

Shall we not tell him of the Lord,
Whom we adore and bless;
And teach him from the Holy Word,
Of Christ, our Righteousness?

And will not God the action bless,
For in His Word 'tis said;
"The stranger thou shalt not oppress,"
But share with him thy bread.

And may it never be our lot,
Our dreadful sentence be;—
"Because to him ye did it not,
Ye did it not to me."

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WITNESSES.

HEB. XII. 1. 2.

A sermon reproduced from memory,

LIFE is but a weary struggle,
'Gainst the mighty power of sin,
Pressed with care and bowed with crosses,
We but weakly fight therein ;
But in yonder blissful heaven,
Stands a pure and blood-washed throng,
While the jasper walls re-echo,
With their grand, triumphal song.

Have we trials? They have borne them.
Have we cares? They've had the same,
For those blesséd saints and martyrs,
Out of tribulation came.
We have not a pain or sorrow,
But they've borne the like before ;
For our path is smoothly trodden,
By those countless feet of yore.

And they look from that fair haven,
With a loving sympathy,
On the crosses we are bearing,
Toward that vast eternity.

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They have trod the path before us,
And their lives recorded there,
Stand as witnesses unfailing,
Of the power of fervent prayer.

Thus those lives may be reminders,
How sublime our lives might be,
That the future generations
May take heart from you and me.
With those eyes to watch our progress,
Can we dare to turn aside,
Into paths of sin and folly,
From the Saviour crucified?

In St. Paul's renowned cathedral,
You are told to lift your eye,
To the arching dome above you,
Thrilling with its majesty.
Though at first you see but shadows,
They at length to you reveal
Fair, celestial spirits bending,
Beckoning with mute appeal.

Thus when trials press the spirit,
Jesus whispers "Look above;"
And thy lifted eyes discover
Angels bending low in love;
With their snowy pinions drooping
As a shield about thy head;
And their sacred presence guarding
All the way thy footsteps tread.

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As Elisha saw the mountains
Covered with the shining host;
As young Stephen or as Moses,
Looked upon the Holy Ghost;
So from yonder heights of glory,
May we see our allies come,
In a shining throng to aid us,
And to bear us safely home.

Wherefore, seeing we are compassed
With a witness cloud so great,
Both ethereal and earthly,
Let us lay aside each weight;
And the sin that doth beset us,
While we run with patient zeal,
All the race that's set before us,
Till before the goal we kneel.

Looking unto Christ, the author
And the finisher of faith,
Who for glory set before Him,
Bore the agonies of death;
And is now set down in heaven,
At the right hand of our God,
Looking down in love upon us,
As we walk the paths He trod.

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ACROSTIC.

By request.

MAY the light of love divine,
Round about thee ever shine ;
Give thee peace and sweetest rest,
Ever welling in thy breast.
On thy way may heaven's smile,
Richer make thy joys the while ;
Grace and truth adorn thy brow,
Ever keep it pure as now.

Grow in grace and day by day,
In the knowledge of His way ;
Let a mind like to His own,
Make thee strong to stand alone;
As thy days so shall thy power
Nerve thee in each trying hour.

What thy future lot shall be,
E'er in love is hid from thee ;
Surely know, and in it rest,
That what He ordains is best.

Hide within that safe retreat,
As the storms around thee beat,
Rock of Ages, firm and sure,
Tried and proven as secure.

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Let thy hopes forever lie
Anchored safe on Calvary ;
Near the cross thou'lt ever find,
Deepest joy and peace of mind.

And may Christ forever be,
" Light of life " for you and me,
In each thing we do or say,
Consecrated be each day.
Every hour some little thing,
May we as a tribute bring.

As we struggle with the wrong,
Daily may He make us strong ;
Keep our every footstep sure,
In the path that is secure ;
Night and day our Keeper be,—
Strong to shield and save is He.

Though our ways are parted wide,
Hill and valley us divide ;
O'er us will the same kind Eye
Mark each fall or victory;
And the same kind Hand bestow
Sweetest blessings here below,
Till we meet to part no more,
On the bright, eternal shore ;
Never more earth's sin to fight,
Christ the Lamb, our endless light.
Oh may He, the Truth, the Way,
Near us ever kindly stay,
Nor reject us in that day.

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"YE HAVE WEARIED THE LORD."

A SERMON FROM MEMORY.

Mal. II : 17.

"I AM weary of your prayers,
Sacrifices without tears ;
Words by rote and meaningless
Offerings I will not bless."

'Tis the cry of God above,
How He *longs* and *yearns* for love !
We have wearied Him with prayer,
Where no love and spirit are.

Oh, thou man with heart of stone !
Listen to the Saviour's moan :
"I have shed my blood for thee,
Wilt thou not acknowledge me?"

'Tis your love and confidence,
That your grieving Saviour wants ;
How He longs to sympathize
When He listens to your cries.

Children, come while in your youth,
Come in spirit and in truth ;

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Bring your faith and trusting love,
To your blesséd Lord above.

Hast thou trouble, sorrow, care?
Flee to Him and hide it there,
Is there joy that fills thy breast?
Thank the Giver ere thou rest.

When His handiwork you view,
Fields of green and skies of blue;
Flowers of delicate perfume,
Carpeting the earth with bloom;

Sparkling wave and dancing rill,
All performing His blest will;
Singing birds and waving trees,
Praising Him for sun and breeze.

While you dwell beneath His care,
And of all His bounty share,
Can you scorn His blesséd word,
And acknowledge not your Lord?

Can you mercies great receive
Day by day, and not believe?
Can you grieve His loving heart,
And allow him to depart?

If a guest within your care
Should enjoy your richest fare,
And should never thanks return,
But your very presence spurn,

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Would you keep such thankless men?
Not for threescore years and ten.
But the patient Lord will wait
With endurance that is great.

We can find no perfect rest,
Till enfolded to His breast;
There's no joy to Him so dear
As to draw His children near.

Then as children let us come,
Children in our Father's home;
With our every joy and care,
Sure to find a Father there.

Look to Him with simple trust,
Knowing He is true and just;
Come, and near His side remain,
Lest we weary Him again.

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PURE WATERS.

ISA. LV: 1.

HO! every one that thirsteth,
List to the Father's call!
These waters purely flowing
May quench the thirst of all.
No other stream is like it,
No wine like this distilled,
Yet there's no price demanded,
The poorest may be filled.

ISA. XII: 3.

The well is called "Salvation,"
With joy all men may draw;
The waters are His teachings,
His holy Word and law.
We draw from thence forgiveness,
His blessing, love, and peace;
Which, springing in our bosoms,
Forever shall increase.

ST. JOHN IV: 14.

Though thou mayst drink of water,
Thy thirst shall still remain;
If thou but taste this fountain,
Thou ne'er shalt thirst again.

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The draught that I will give thee,
  Within thy soul shall be
A well of living water,
  To all eternity.

REV. XXII: 17.

"Come," saith the Holy Spirit,
  The Bride repeateth "Come;"
Let every one that heareth,
  Cry "All ye thirsty, come!
To king or tattered outcast
  The fount of life we give;
Take if ye will its waters,
  Oh come and drink and live."

ZECH. XIII: 1.

This fountain pure was opened,
  When Christ was crucified;
For sin and for uncleanness,
  Behold His riven side.
Washed in the blood of Jesus,
  In heaven we may stand,
Beside the pure, clear river
  That flows at God's right hand.

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II PETER I: 2.

NOT as the camel's huge monstrosity
Seeks to press through the narrow needle's eye,
Not as the dying sinner gasping turns
To seek his God while yet life's candle burns,
And by his latest breath's repentant prayer,
Would gain admission to those mansions fair,
Rather, my Lord, I pray, so let me live
A life of love, such service sweet to give;
With Thy pure spirit reigning in my breast,
Diffusing round me blessings of the best;
A life in Thee, that I at last may have
Abundant entrance to that realm above;
With shining angel bands as escorts come,
And heaven's gates wide-swung to welcome home.

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THE SAVIOUR AT THE DOOR.

REV. II: 20.

SINNER, listen to the message,
Christ is knocking at your door,
And a king more pure and lovely
Ne'er was entertained before.
If you'll open, He will enter,
And with you sit down to sup;
Surely to a waiting stranger
You will not refuse a cup.

Oh, forlorn one in the darkness,
With your heart grown cold and sear,
You have closed the door against Him,
While He's waited year by year.
Yes, He's knocked and still is knocking,
Will you make Him wait for you
Till the locks upon His forehead
Dampen with the evening dew?

Did He come to be acclaiméd,
Crowned with royal diadem?
No, He was in lowly manger
Born a babe at Bethlehem.
Though the foxes had their burrows
And the singing bird its nest,
Yet the Saviour had no pillow,
Where to lay His head to rest.

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As in Eastern customs sacred,
He who breaketh bread with thee
Shall remain a friend forever;
So the Lord our friend would be.
Do not bar the door against Him,
With the fear of worldly scorn;
Cast it down and open widely,
Letting in the Light of morn.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

I STOOD beside a rushing stream,
That sparkled with a crystal gleam,
And watched the bubbles floating by,
Upon the wavelets riding high.

Some formed and broke as soon as seen,
Some rode upon the crystal sheen,
When, as I quickly followed on,
They burst and suddenly were gone.

Ah, little wonders of the sea,
What dost thou seem to tell to me?
Ye tell me time is like the tide
That rushes swiftly at my side.

As bubbles rise and pass away,
So do the moments through the day;
From whence they come or where they go,
Science may prove, God only know.

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Ye tell me life can never last,
But as the bubbles burst, 'tis past ;
Some early have to leave their place,
Some linger on a little space.

As bubbles rise from out the wave,
And quickly make in it their grave ;
So men who walk with lifted head,
Must mingle with the dust they tread.

And we may learn from such as they,
A lesson for our earthly day ;
Though they are small, yet they fulfill,
Their portion of the Maker's will.

The dancing sunbeams far and near,
Reflected in each crystal sphere ;
Paint pictures bright with every hue,
Fairer than artists ever drew.

So we, while passing down life's road,
May ever praises give to God ;
From purest hearts reflect His love,
Passing from earth to go above.

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JOB XII: 7-8.

CAN there be a soul so darkened,
As to say there is no God,
When all nature sings His praises,
And His glory spreads abroad?

Ask the beasts and they shall teach thee,
Who prepares their daily food?
All the animal creation.
Cry in chorus, "God is good."

Ask the many fowls of heaven,
Whom they're praising when they sing?
Their clear voices join together,
Warbling sweetly, "God our King."

Ask the fish in all the waters,
And they shall His name declare;
Who upholds them neath the billows?
Hark! They answer, "God is there."

Call upon the earth to tell thee,
Whence such beauty decks its sod;
Who hath clothed its face with verdure?
And the breezes whisper, "God."

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Ask the raging, storm-tossed ocean,
Who hath placed its bounding rod;
Who controls its mighty waters?
And the billows thunder, "God."

Then be still, oh doubting mortals,
Know that I am God the Lord,
I will be exalted by thee,
All men shall obey my word.

CONFIDENCE.

A SERMON FROM MEMORY.

HEB. X: 35-36.

CHRISTIAN, when the shadows deepen,
And your eyes with tears are dim;
Though the way be rough and thorny,
Keep your confidence in Him.
You've no trials but are common
To the lot of all mankind;
Even Christ, the Master, bore them,
In this let us comfort find.

Says the mother of the Spartan,
Giving him his father's shield;
"Lest you keep it as he kept it,
May you perish in the field.

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Bring it home, or else upon it,
May your lifeless form be sent;
'Be encouraged in the battle,
Ever be ye confident.' ''

Do you find temptation stronger,
Than your neighbor has to bear?
And because you yield to anger,
Of the Christian life despair?
You will find in yonder city,
They who struggle hardest here,
Have the brightest crown of glory,
And reward for every tear.

Yes, there's need of patience, brother,
In the heart corruption lies,
Tangled, twisted all throughout it,
And temptation will arise.
We must free the heart from error,
Root it out with careful hand;
None but Christ was ever perfect,
All must in the conflict stand.

You can never see the growing
Of the little plant you tend,
Yet it puts forth bud and blossom,
High and higher doth ascend;
Thus within our heart's deep chambers,
Day by day new graces grow,
Unperceived and yet acknowledged,
For we feel that it is so.

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Take no simple earthly ord'nance,
As the pattern of your life;
Be not satisfied with being
Like some brother in the strife;
By the loving law of Jesus,
Mold your every deed and word,
Only satisfied with waking,
In the likeness of your Lord.

We are Christian men and women,
And though faint, will still pursue;
For we've God in heaven for us,
And the blesséd Saviour too;
We've the Holy Spirit for us,
And the saints in bright array;
Can we then, give up the battle,
Cast our confidence away?

And when we have done our duty,
As the will of God made known,
Shall we not receive the promise,
Sit with Christ upon His throne?
Then take courage, and with vigor,
Hold our shield though danger lowers;
Keep our confidence in Jesus,
And the recompense is ours.

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AN ELEGY.

FOR MY AUNT'S FLOWER GARDEN.

WHEN summer breezes latest blew
O'er Winsted's "Mountain Avenue,"
My garden glowed with many a hue,
And sweetest fragrance shed ;
The buds that swelled beneath the sun,
Unfolded petals one by one ;
In tints the elfs could not have spun,
With filmy sunbeam thread.

They drank the cool, refreshing shower,
And opened leaf and bud and flower,
To cheer the heart of rich and poor,
And turn the thought from earth ;
They bowed their heads in modesty,
As zephyrs kissed them lovingly ;
And bird and butterfly and bee,
Held carnival of mirth.

Petunias in blazing mound
Of fragrant beauty there were found,
Each decked with dew-drop jewels round,
A many colored sheen.

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The snowy blossomed feverfew,
And poppies, pinks and daises too ;
Mingled with tiny flowers of blue,
And foliage of green.

Tall dahlias bowed their heavy heads,
O'er pansy and verbena beds ;
And amaryllis proudly spread,
His petals on the stem.
The light balloon's aerial car,
Ipomea's shining scarlet star ;
And marigolds that show afar,
Are but a few of them.

Neath moonlit skies where fairies meet,
The jocky-club, his friends to treat,
Brought forth his horn of nectar sweet,
And poured it on the air ;
But when the sun ascended high,
And fays had vanished silently,
The faded flowers hung limp and dry,
Their beauty was not there.

The coarser zinnias, and the fine
Neat blossoms of the cypress vine ;
Sweet-peas and beans whose tendrils twine,
And many colored phlox ;
The balsams, laden down with bloom,
Hybiscus, with their early doom ;
The tassel, like a tiny broom,
And dainty four o'clocks,

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Their mingled perfume, so intense,
Entranced with rapture all the sense,
And sometime, meaning no offense,
Unasked and scarce forgiven ;
But with its beauty charmed mayhap,
The passing laborer would snap
A nodding dahlia for his cap,
Where time its form had riven.

My garden doth no longer glow,
The sun still shineth, but the snow
Lies cold and deep above it now,
A coverlid of white ;
But when the perfumed breath of spring,
Bids sleeping Nature wake and sing ;
Each tiny plant shall spread its wing,
And bloom again in light.

RETROSPECTION.

THE friends of our youth we remember well,
Who gathered so oft in that school-room old,
Are scattered far over the land today,
And only God knows what each lot may hold ;
But when every volume of life shall close,
When our lessons are finished, line by line,
God grant we may meet together again,
And renew the friendships of "auld lang syne."

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HOUSEHOLD POEMS.

TRUE RICHES.

SMALL low-roofed house on the hillside,
Of riches no trace,
Surrounded by pastures and woodland,
A rough little place :
But two agéd friends by the fireside,
Sat talking with me,
Of wonderful things in the kingdom,
They soon were to see.

He deaf and she blind ; but their faces
Were lighted with joy,
For theirs was a peace and a gladness,
That naught could destroy.
The hope of their souls was in heaven,
And now at the gate,
They eagerly waited to enter
That blissful estate.

"Oh sister!" he said, "You shall see there,
And I too, shall hear ;
Our glorious Lord, from our faces
Shall wipe every tear.

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No more of these pains and distresses,
But endless delight,
With all God's mysterious dealings,
Revealed to our sight."

Ah, many a mansion of plenty,
With turret and dome,
Knows naught of the wonderful treasure
In that little home ;
And many a weary one, sated
With pleasures that cloy,
Would give all the wealth in his coffers,
To purchase their joy.

But vain of the world's adulation,
His heart will not bow ;
And peace cometh not to his bosom,
Nor rest to his brow.
Oh, lay up your treasures in heaven,
Earth's vanities cease ;
God dwells with the humblest who love Him,
His presence is peace.

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THE WATER LILY.

EMBLEM of purity; blossom of snow,
Lightly afloat on the water below,
Dear unto me is its uplifted face,
Fashioned by fingers of Infinite grace.

Though from the slime of the stream it doth grow,
Spotless and waxen its blossoms do glow;
Pure lies its heart like a deep, golden sheath,
Sweet as the the odors of Eden its breath.

So would I be, blessed Saviour today,
Purge Thou my sinful defilement away;
Give me a pure heart, no evil to know,
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

So let me lie on Thy bosom at rest,
Tranquil and deep as the river's calm breast,
Drinking the fountain of Life flowing free;
Diffusing fragrance found only in Thee.

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TO THE MOON.

OH thou moon before my eyes ;
Riding through the starry skies ;
Much I love thy face to see,
In its calm serenity ;
As thy vigil thou dost keep,
While the nations lie asleep.

When thy soft and pensive ray,
Turns the darkness into day ;
Shines upon the homes where those
That I love are in repose ;
Throwing lights and shadows o'er
Fields and lanes I've loved of yore ;

Scenes of old again I see,
Friends of old return to me,—
Tell me, oh, thou silver shield,
What has been to thee revealed?
What of grief or laughing mirth,
Hast thine eye beheld on earth?

At creation's dawning hour,
When God showed His mighty power,
Thou wast formed, oh queen of light.
And enthroned to rule the night,
And though ages since have flown
Faithfully thy light has shone.

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Adam, ere his sad disgrace,
Looked from Eden on thy face ;
Thou beheld his wretched state,
As he fled from Eden's gate ;
And, though bathed in tears, looked down,
When the world for sin did drown.

Thou didst watch the infant's sleep,
Floating on the river deep ;
Saw God's people in distress,
Wand'ring in the wilderness ;
And beheld where angels clave,
For the patriarch a grave.

David on thy glory gazed,
And for thee thy Maker praised ;
Prophet, patriarch and priest,
Saw thy rising in the east,
And tonight, oh changeless moon,
Still the same, thou rollest on.

Softly thy pure light was shed,
O'er the Saviour's cradle bed,
Neath that light, oh hallowed moon,
Jesus knelt and prayed alone,
And perchance thine eye, who knows?
Saw as from the grave he rose.

Hast thou heard the triumph tones,
Mingled with the martyr's groans?

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Seen the fetters, stake and rack,
All along the Christian's track?
Or beheld men bow the knee,
Off'ring sacrifice to thee?

Clear and cold thine eye looked down,
On the Pilgrim's snow-locked town;
Shed a weird and ghastly light,
Over battle-fields at night;
Years of strife and toil didst see,
And tonight dost look on *me*.

Soon I know thy tranquil face,
Shall behold my resting place,
And another in my stead,
All these paths I love shall tread;
But 'till time shall cease to be,
Thou shalt shine o'er land and sea.

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TO THE "WEEKLY EAGLE."

SUCCESS attend you, little sheet!
May many friends your advent greet;
And lend a helping hand, I say,
To speed you on your upward way.

As that proud bird whose name you bear,
Seeks in his flight the higher air;
And fixes an unflinching eye,
Upon the "monarch of the sky;"—
Rising on his majestic wings,
Above the taint of baser things,—
So may you fix your standard high,
Of virtue and morality;
And thus attain an honored place,
To look the whole world in the face.

Be not content to rest unknown,
Make Daniel Webster's words your own;
"There's always room, friends, at the top,
And I will get there ere I stop."
Strong should your pinions be, and true,
A mighty influence have you,
The printing press we always find,
"The power which moves the world of mind."
Then wield this power, as in God's sight,
For Justice, Honor, Truth and Right.

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BARNUM'S WHITE ELEPHANT.

WHENCE comest thou, oh royal stranger, tell?
What waters hast thou crossed to reach our shore?
In what far country do thy kindred dwell?
For never saw we one like thee before.

Art thou the monarch of some mighty realm,
As all these gorgeous trappings would denote;
And these thy slaves who guide the royal helm,
And wait upon thee in thy pleasure boat?

And didst thou, midst thy dark attendants, deem,
That thou should'st justly with Caucasians dwell,
Because thy color more accords with them;
And therefore to this country set thy sail?

Or mayhap thou art exiled from thy throne?
And by the far off longing of thine eyes,
Revealest how thy mind is filled alone,
With yearning for thy former paradise.

But we are listening for thy reply,
Pray tell us, if perchance thou art not dumb;
All we have questioned of thy majesty,
What is thy name and wherefore art thou come?

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"My name is Toung Taloung, and I have come
Across the sea from distant Burmah's shore;
With good king Theebau have I made my home,
Where many of my kindred dwelt before.

"I am no king, though I have often worn
A royal diadem and jewels rare,
With gold umbrellas and with banners borne,
Above my head in grand processions there.

"I am far greater than is any king,
Or any man who on this earth hath trod;
Ruler and serf alike my praises sing,
Bow down, ye people, for I am a *god!*

"At Mandelay, in my palatial home,
Where rarest laces decked my canopy;
The men of Burmah sat around the room,
And day and night did homage unto me.

"For I am sacred: of a race divine,
Blest and baptized and given wealth and fame;
No royal favor is so sought as mine,
And never was devotion quite the same.

"Look at my skin so delicate and fair!
My tusks so long and beautifully curved;
How grand and massive my proportions are!
And tell me, is their homage not deserved?

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"Yes, I am exiled from my native land!
I dwelt in peace and gloried in my fame;
And thought my kingdom should forever stand,
Until this mighty man called 'Barnum' came;

"And with his golden bribing turned away
The heart of Theebau from the god he loved;
And had me to this strange 'America,'
With this small band of worshippers, removed,

"But by my greeting here I can perceive,
This people my divinity do own;
And soon this new white nation, I believe,
Shall press to worship at my feet alone."—

Ah, then it a deity who comes,
With retinue of worshippers to us;
Thinking to awe the people in these homes,
With all his glory and his holiness!

Once natives gazed with reverence and awe,
Upon Columbus landing with his crew;
And thought 'twas the "Great Spirit" that they saw,
So now, oh "Paleface," do we look on you;

And know that thou dost represent a kind
Of worship in this Christian land unknown;
The sad delusion of the heathen mind,
Upon whose darkness Christ has never shone.

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'Tis true that eager multitudes will throng,
To gaze upon thy strangely mottled skin;
But not to do thee homage, Toung Taloung,
Rather to pity ignorance and sin.

We do not need to crave a boon of thee,
For we've a God more glorious than thou;
Whose gifts are manifold and blessings free,
Before whom every nation soon must bow.

If thou'rt so great, why art thou ruled by man,
And led in fetters where thou wouldst not go?
Canst thou not cast from thee this servile chain?
The mighty God we worship does not so.

Hast thou the power to cause the sun to shine;
And gentle showers refresh the parchéd earth?
Waking all nature in the sweet springtime,
With singing birds to greet the flowers' birth?

Canst thou control the countless worlds above;
And make them in their revolutions cease?
Or look on man with sympathy and love;
Forgive his sins and fill his soul with peace?

Hast thou created all things, and by thee,
Is each sustained and governed in its sphere?
Hast thou procured for all salvation free?
If not, we cannot worship in thy fear.

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But as a creature of Almighty God,
To whose great name all attributes belong;
Who only should be worshipped and adored,
We bid thee welcome, royal Toung Taloung.

THE RUMSELLER'S SIGN.

A GENTLEMAN was passing by;
A shop, where hung this sign;
"Here's where you buy your lager beer,
Cigars and ale and wine;"

And saw upon the cellar flap,
A drunken woman lie;
Just as she fell, a heap of rags,
Remained unconsciously.

He hastened to the bar and cried,
"Good sir, please step this way!
One of thy signs is fallen down,
And going to decay!"

The publican was stiff with gout,
His pot-boy limp with wine;
But both came hobbling quickly out,
To raise the fallen sign.

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"You fool!" they cried, "You must be mad!
What sign d'ye mean, and where?"
He pointed to the heap of rags,
And answered, "It is there:

"That is the sign thee sends abroad,
The public daily see;
The finest article thee makes,
Lost for eternity.

"Why don't thee place it where 'twill show?
Within thy window there;
As all respected tradesmen do,
Who show their finest ware;

"And label it, '*To order made*,'
'Our manufacture fine;'
Instead of leaving it down there,
As though ashamed 'twas thine?"

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TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

ALL hail, sweet isles of the Pacific sea!
Thy very name is music to my ear;
And though I may not hope thy shores to see,
I love of all thine interests to hear.

Thou art the child of God's especial care,
Whom He the marvels of His power hath shown;
The waters in His hand surround thee there,
And tenderly He watches o'er His own.

Oh, sunny isles! where winter never chills;
And icy laden tempests never come!
The snow lies deep upon New England hills,
And wintry blasts are blowing round my home.

I know not how thy graceful palms do bend,
And wave their crests of plumage in the breeze;
What blossoms from thy sod their fragrance lend,
Nor yet what songsters warble in thy trees.

I may not breathe the spicy zephyrs sweet,
That waft delicious odors from thy shores;
Thy native children I may never greet,
Nor join them at their sanctuary doors.

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I may not bow with them in prayer and praise,
Where God's devoted servants oft have kneeled;
Nor listen as they tell me in what ways,
His mighty power has been to them revealed.

How when they sat in darkness as of death,
Great light sprang up their heathen chains to cleave;
When Jesus breathed upon them with His breath;
And bade them of His Spirit to receive.

And through that Spirit's power their darkened hearts,
Were turned from idols to the living God;
To worship Him who life and peace imparts,
And follow in the path the saints have trod.

How terribly the molten lava streams
Sweep o'er thee with their desolating stroke;
And night is brightened with their lurid gleams,
When He has touched thy mountains and they smoke.

And yet I love thee, and as I rejoice
In all thy gladness, so I sorrow, too,
For thou dost mourn that the death angel's choice,
Was one so honored and beloved by you.

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Thou art bereft of one who loved thee well,*
And guided patiently thy wayward feet,
Out of the path that leads to death and hell,
Unto the loving Saviour's mercy seat.

Yes, thou art orphaned! And my heart goes forth,
The orphan's solace now to share with thee;
For He to whom thou art of priceless worth,
The orphan's Father promiseth to be.

Weep not, for he at last has gained in peace,
That promised land which eye hath never seen;
Full many years within life's wilderness,
Thy patriarchal leader he has been.

We may not now conceive what rich reward,
He has received for all his labor there;
But if we serve the same belovéd Lord,
Some day we all may see and know and share.

* Rev. Titus Coan, Dec. 1882.

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FAREWELL.

THOUGH parted by forest and highland,
By mountain and valley and stream,
To meet nevermore with each other,
Except in the form of a dream ;
There's a home that is ours in common,
A tie that is closer than kin ;
We'll enter eternity's city,
Together to dwell therein.

GOD IN NATURE.

ONE day in early spring I wandered forth,
Across the fields and pastures of my home,
To fill myself with the sweet joys of spring,
After the dreary winter months were passed.
The air was filled with melody of birds,
And laden with the breath of growing things,
The buds were swelling on the barren boughs,
And tender grass was springing neath my feet.
The mountain streams were rushing down the way,
Bubbling and foaming in their noisy glee,
While over all the great sun poured a flood
Of light and warmth, which made all nature glow,
And seem in all things to be praising God.

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I gained a rocky hillside and sat down,
To rest and drink refreshment from the scene,
With all of care and turmoil left behind,
I gave myself to calm enjoyment here;
To bathe in the sweet sunlight from on high,
And gaze upon the handiwork of God.
And what a landscape spread before my view!
Speak not to me of scenes in other lands,
Of mountain peaks with everlasting snow;
Of thrilling chasm or enchanting glen,
Of roaring cataract or mighty stream;
Of hill and valley; lake or ocean shore,
All are magnificent and grand I know,
But yet I love those that surround my home,
Among the hills of old Connecticut.

Here at my feet the hillside slopes away,
Far, far beneath into a narrow vale,
Where flows a tiny stream which, followed up,
Is found to be the outlet of a lake,
Whose bosom is a mirror of the sky.
Upon my right there rises, sheer and grand,
A precipice no human foot has scaled;
Grim, stern and dread, he gives his hand to none,
Save to the birds who on his bosom hide,
And find a refuge from their enemies.

Across the valley, on the farther side,
Another mountain, similar to this,
Lifts to the sky above his lofty crown,
Even as Ebal stands by Gerizim.

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And on its slope are cultivated fields,
And pastures, where in summer cattle graze,
Which straggling lines of fences separate.
And now and then the roofs and chimney-tops
Of quiet farmhouses, "in lone retreat";
Appear, half hidden neath wide-spreading boughs.
Still farther on, hill rises upon hill,
And wood on wood, with rocky gorge and cave,
And quiet dell, where not a sound is heard,
Save when the toiling woodman's axe resounds.

Between the forest and the fields below,
Stretches the millpond with its placid face,
Whose gleaming waters rush the livelong day,
To turn the wheel and speed the busy saw.
Here is a strip of barren forest trees;
And there a growth of darker evergreen,
Throwing deep shadows on the mossy turf.
And on and on, far as the eye can reach,
New vistas open, beckoning my gaze,
An endless panorama of delight.

All this I see with half awakened eyes,
As on my rocky pillow I recline,
And feel a sense of quiet happiness;
Of peace and rapture stealing over me,—
I am alone with Nature and her God.
And o'er me arches that majestic dome
Upheld alone by His Omnipotence;

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Curtained by clouds, like folds of snowy lace,
Which, drawn aside, reveals the deep, *deep* blue.
I gaze into that fathomless abyss,
So deep, so far, so high above my head,
Until the brightness makes my eyeballs swim,
There is no end and no beginning there.

Till overawed by such Omnipotence,
I seem but equal to the meanest worm
That drags its sluggish length upon the ground.
For of the clouds His chariots are made;
And on the wings of mighty winds He rides.
And what am I that He should mindful be,
To whom these very heavens are unclean?
But ah,—His fingers fashioned all my frame,
He knows me and remembers I am dust,—
And as the heavens above the earth is high,
So great His mercy unto me is shown;
There is no end and no beginning there.

Far in the east I see a line of blue,
Dim and uncertain, where the misty hills
Seem to dissolve into the blue above.
And on the other hand, the western sky
Drops down abruptly behind yonder steep,
As if it were but a day's journey off.—
But if I ran forever I could not
Attain the place where earth and sky unite,
Still would it be as distant as before,

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A limitless, immeasurable span,—
So is His loving kindness unto me,
For as the east is from the western sky,
So far have my transgressions been removed,
By One who, though Almighty and divine,
Consents to dwell within the contrite heart.
And does it not behoove me here to bow,
In grateful adoration at His feet?
For I am poor and needy, yet the Lord,
Who made and governs all, considers me,
And with His love, none is more rich than I.—
Thus musing, I retraced my steps toward home.

SEEKING THE KINGDOM.

ONCE I was poor and clothed in rags,
And toiling for my bread;
A hovel was my only home,
My children scarce were fed;
And as I thought upon my lot,
I often wished me dead.

I saw the wealthy riding by,
With prancing horses fine,
On velvet cushions, robed in silks,
The ladies did recline,
And then their homes, like palaces,
I oft compared with mine.

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I envied them their lot and sighed ;
" Why should they thus be blest,
With every joy the earth can give ?
On beds of down to rest,
And e'en the servants they command,
In garments rich are dressed.

"Each day I labor at my task,
But am considered bold,
If I entreat as my reward,
A fraction of their gold ;
And what they give me scarce affords
To shield my bairns from cold."

One morning as I murm'ring sighed,
" Would that this wealth were mine !"
I seemed to hear a gentle voice,
I know it was divine,
Say, "Seek the kingdom of the Lord,
And more than this is thine."

I ne'er had known Him, but that hour,
I sought His blesséd face,
And since that day my humble home,
Has been a happy place;
For every morsel that He sends,
Is gilded by His grace.

The years have passed and I still toil,
I own no prancing steed ;

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My house but little larger is,
On plainest fare we feed ;
But though we have no more of gold,
We now are rich indeed.

For each of us a mansion owns,
That doth by far outshine
The finest palace built on earth,
The heavenly streets they line,—
And this bright home, by God prepared,
Shall one glad day be mine !

Each day as I pursue my task,
My mind is feasting rare,
On all the promises of God,
So full beyond compare ;
I study well His holy Word,
And live on angel's fare.

I feel no more sharp hunger's pang,
My soul is fed with meat,
Such fullness doth my heart o'erflow,
My tongue was ne'er so fleet ;
Such righteousness and peace and joy,
Flow from those pages sweet.

My clothes are thin but I care not,
What fabrics others don,
I have a garment richer far
Than e'er they looked upon,
A robe of spotless purity,
Which I shall soon put on.

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No horse have I, but when on earth,
My latest breath is given ;
An angel bright with shinining wings,
Shall bear me up to heaven ;
And from the portals of my home,
I never shall be driven.

PLAINVILLE CAMP-GROUND.

BEND o'er us lovingly, beautiful trees !
Waving your boughs in the soft summer breeze,
Where the warm sunshine is sifting its rays ;
And all night shimmering moonlight plays.

Bend o'er us tenderly, sheltering trees !
Oft have ye bent over gath'rings like these ;
When to our tents and our booths we repair,
Keeping the feast with repentance and prayer.

Bend in compassion, oh pitying trees !
Ye have no need of forgiveness like these,
Just where He planted you standing here still,
Always obeying His sovereign will.

Bend o'er us solemnly, worshipping trees !
Know that your Maker your attitude sees.
Stretching your hands in continual prayer ;
Praising the Lord for His goodness and care.

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Bend o'er us prayerfully, whispering trees !
Join our devotional exercises ;
Lift our petition your branches upon,
Wafting them up to Eternity's throne.

Bend o'er us joyfully, listening trees !
Glad hallelujahs are borne on the breeze ;
Many redeemed ones in heaven can say,
Here they found Jesus and learned how to pray.

Bend low in reverence, hallowéd trees !
Heaven draws near as we bow on our knees ;
Blest be thy covert, for here in this glen,
The Master dwells with His people again.

Bend with a blessing, oh glorious trees !
Grant us a sweet benediction of peace !
O'er us for aye will its influence fall,
Till God's " Tree of Life " o'ershadows us all.

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TO A FRIEND WITH A BOX OF FLOWERS.

THESE flowers I send you from my stand,
Are fresh from God's Almighty hand ;
How their pure faces fairly shine !
Where touched by fingers so divine.

So fresh and sweet and passing fair,
To cheer our hearts their beauties blend ;
With one I love I fain would share,
What He has sent me by a friend.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

DIED OCT. 12, 1881.

THOU art gone, who in my heart,
Held a loved and honored part,
For the breathings of thy pen,
Echoed in my soul again ;
Oftentimes dispelling care,
Waking notes of praise and prayer.

Thou didst build thy ladder high,
Till it reached the vaulted sky ;

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Noble deeds for steps were laid,
Every day 'twas higher made ;
From the topmost round at last,
Thou art into glory passed.

Now, when thou wouldst soar away,
Far above this sordid clay,
Thou through endless space shalt rise,
Unrestrained by mortal ties ;
From thy fetters freed at last,
All things sensual are passed.

Thou dost understand the span,
Of our God's Almighty plan ;
What is here in part made known,
As a whole to thee is shown ;
And while we in darkness tread,
Heaven's light is round thee shed.

And we mourn thy death, though we
Know our loss is gain to thee ;
We would not recall thee more,
For thy toil on earth is o'er ;
Up life's ladder, round by round,
Thou hast climbed, and glory found.

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"PIOUS PEAK'S" ISLAND.

THANK God there is a people,
Who keep His Holy Word ;
One light that shineth clearly,
On a dark world out-poured.

Thank God for "straight-laced" people !
For few indeed are they,
Who enter at the straight gate,
And walk the narrow way.

That "pious set,"—God bless them !
This Godless age within,
Who keep the Sabbath holy,
And are afraid of sin.

For one of these is better,
Than many such as they
Who scoff at God's commandments,
And rob Him of His day.

The world may point the finger,
The foolish smile and nod ;
But this same little island,
Is very dear to God.

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And they shall receive honor,
Eternal their reward ;
For "happy is that people,
Whose God is Christ the Lord."

This world and all its follies,
Sometime shall pass away;
May I be with the *straight-laced*
In the great judgment day.

TO A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER ON HER WEDDING DAY.

MY friend, no rare gift can I offer,
No treasure from land or sea ;
But a wish that the best of blessings,
May ever be granted thee;
That plenty and peace and affection,
Their flowers may strew on thy way ;
And purity, sweet as the lilies,
May crown you this wedding day.

How pleasant are sweet recollections !
When lonely, sad or oppressed,
The thought of past blessings and pleasures,
Has cheered full many a breast ;

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And now as I sit in the twilight,
Before me your face I see,
Recalling to mind many visions,
Of days that no more shall be.

We've met in the "Beautiful Palace,"
Where Pilgrim stopped for release ;
Where he took the holy communion,
And slept in the chamber "Peace ;"
Where he looked on various treasures,
Delectable mountains viewed ;
And went on his journey rejoicing,
With courage and strength renewed.

We've looked on its wonders together,
And when the Sabbath was clear,
Eternity's beautiful country,
Has seemed to our eyes so near ;
We've studied sweet lessons of Jesus,
And talked of our pilgrim life ;
And gone forth refreshed and encouraged,
To conquer Apollyon's strife.

And still we are climbing life's mountain,
And "Great Heart" is still our guide ;
How often would we have been conquered,
Had he not been at our side,
And if you continue your journey,
With him you've met on the way ;
God grant he may prove as one "Faithful,"
To his troth this wedding day.

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May love be the light of your dwelling,
The Lord be its reigning King ;
And thus shall life's sweetest of blessings,
The purest happiness bring ;
May the future be bright before you,
The past remembered for aye ;
Pure Angels bend tenderly o'er you,
And hallow your wedding day.

GUESS WHO.

WHO thinks of thee when the morning breaks,
And all the world unto gladness wakes,
Rejoicing in the light He makes,
Guess who ?

Who thinks of thee through the livelong day ?
In joy or sorrow; at work or play,
Who thinks of one so far away ?
Guess who ?

Who thinks of thee when the sun is low,
And the gorgeous dyes of sunset's glow,
Their wondrous panorama show ?
Guess who ?

Who thinks of thee at the hour of prayer,
When vespers chime through the quiet air ;
And craves for thee a Father's care ?
Guess who ?

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Who thinks of thee when the shadows fall,
And the peaceful twilight hushes all ;
And stars come at their Maker's call,
Guess who ?

Who thinks of thee through the darksome night,
With a prayer that He who dwells in light,
May keep thee by His power and might ?
Guess who ?

Who thinks of thee in the soft spring days,
Through the summer's heat and autumn haze ;
Or when the wintry firelights blaze,
Guess who ?

Who loves thee, dear, with a heart so true,
That will always think and dream of you ;
And knows that you are loving, too,
Guess who ?

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THE ONE I LOVE.

OH, blue are the eyes of my darling,
As bits of the summer sky ;
And dear is his smile,
To my heart the while,
As the sunlight from on high.

Oh, sweet is the voice of my darling,
And tender his words to me ;
To my list'ning ear,
They seem like a rare
And beautiful melody.

Oh, true is the heart of my darling,
As the human breast can know ;
And happy and light,
Is its throb tonight,
With love and with hope aglow.

Oh, pure is the life of my darling,
And gladly its moments roll ;
For each day is blest,
With the peace and rest,
Of a consecrated soul.

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Oh, noble and brave is my darling,
The king of my heart is he ;
To my heart at least,
Since I love him best,
He is all a man should be.

TO MRS. J—— C——

Oct. 1st. 1885

ONCE more the swift revolving cycle brings,
The annivers'ry of thy natal day ;
And I would haste to wish thee joy and peace,
And bid God-speed upon thy heavenward way.

A loving Providence still gives to us,
The blessing of thy gentle presence here ;
That quiet influence we love so much,—
Though absent, still thou art "to mem'ry dear."

Far up life's ladder thou hast slowly climbed,
Whose top at heaven's portal disappears ;
Metninks I see the glory even now,
Fall o'er thee, as the shining kingdom nears.

And looking on thee from my lower round,
I wonder if 'twill ever be my share,
To reach the height to which thou hast attained,
And be found faithful, watching unto prayer.

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The silver threads upon thy brow today,
A crown of glory in His sight appear,
Only exchanged in heaven bye and bye,
A crown of life, more glorious, to wear.

Then falter not nor fear what may befall,
Though on the borderland thy steps may be;
He who has borne, will bear, and keep through all,
"For even to your old age I am He."

Faithfully working out the Father's will,
Upward and onward may thy course be pressed,
Thine the reward the wise king did foretell,
"Thy children all rise up and call thee blessed,"

May many years be added to thee still,
Years sweet with service to the blessèd King,
Then at the harvest may it be thy joy,
Unto His feet the golden sheaves to bring.

The dear Lord bless and keep thee all the way,
And make His face to shine; be gracious e'er;
The Lord lift up His countenance in love,
And give thee peace, forever, is my prayer.

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"MEMENTO MORI." *

THERE came an angel to our cottage home,
While doors were closed he came on noiseless wing,—
We did not dream that he to us might come,
As we were watching in that silent room ;
So little know we what the day may bring.

His coming seemed a swift, remorseless blow,
So suddenly we felt his presence there ;
And faces blanched with agony of woe,
And floods of tears unchecked did overflow ;
And hand clasped hand in muteness of despair.

They told me it was Death,—and every heart,
At the dread thought was chilled with horror cold ;
That that grim, ghastly spectre, with his dart,
Should our beloved sister from us part ;
I turned to look upon him—and behold,

It was not Death, 'twas *Jesus*, and His face
Was shining with a look of tend'rest love,
As He bent o'er her ; and with gentle grace,
He clasped her to His breast in fond embrace ;
And bore her from us to the realm above.

* Composed by the author while unable to leave her bed, a week after the death of her father and sister.

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A few short hours He tarried ; then He came,
And entered once again our lowly home,
And sought the couch whereon another frame,
Was tossed and burned with fever's restless flame ;
And to the suff'rer gently whispered, "Come."

My loving father on that pillow lay,
He who had led us on life's devious road,
He long had borne the burden of the day ;
Had striven hard to walk the narrow way,
Though his frail form had tottered neath its load.

"Alas!" we cried, "Take not from us our all,
Our circle now is sadly broken through !
Without its prop the burdened tree must fall ;
Oh hear us in Thy mercy, as we call !
Without these dear ones, oh, what shall we do"?

Our answer came with loving tenderness,
"They whom I love must feel the chastening rod ;
Where one prop fails a stronger takes its place,
'I will uphold thee with my righteousness ;'
I am thy Father, and the widow's God."

Thus Jesus came unto His servant blest,—
With arms outstretched He then received His own ;
Upon that loving Saviour's bosom pressed,
His weary, burdened spirit found its rest,
And joined the ransomed throng before the throne.

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Then came a whisper to my burdened soul;
"'Let not your heart be troubled' nor cast down,
Of my design thou canst not see the whole;
The light beyond will it to thee unroll,
Would'st thou withhold these jewels from my crown?

"They shall behold the beauty of the King,
And stand 'in bright array' before the throne;
With angels and arch-angels they shall sing,
And Christ shall lead them to the living spring,
And through green pastures where He feeds His own.

"No heart hath e'er conceived nor eye hath seen,
The glories of that land beyond the sun,
E'er since the world was founded it hath been,
Preparing for the saints to enter in;
And God shall greet them with a glad 'Well done.'"

'Twas like the "Weep not," that so long ago,
Unto the widowed mother whispered peace;
And though our path be lonely here below,
The same dear Lord shall cheer us as we go,
Until we meet them and our sorrows cease.

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SISTER CORNELIA FOOTE.

SLEEP, blessed servant of the Lord,
Thine is a quiet, peaceful rest;
Though sudden called to thy reward,
Thou wast found watching, thou art blest.

Thy lamp was trimmed and burning clear,
And shed its rays on all around,
Till all were blest who gathered near,
And felt they walked on hallowed ground.

From sweet communion with the King,
The light of God was on thy face;
Thy very presence seemed to bring
A sense of holiness and peace.

What was the spell, in vain withstood,
By which all hearts to thee were bound?
Thy heart was full of love to God,
Which overflowed on all around.

Thy words of cheer and hope and trust,
Have made us strong to cope with ill;
And though now silent in the dust,
Thine influence is with us still.

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Our heaven is sweeter far today,
  Because we know that thou art there;
And with new zeal we strive and pray,
  That we may in its glory share.

G. D. G.

CLOSE now the books he will need no more,
  For his elementary days are o'er,
Henceforth his studies will be pursued,
Where all things are perfectly understood;
For God Himself is the teacher there,
And the problems of life are all made clear;
He received the Master's call to come,
And has joined the class in the higher room.

He has left his young companions here,
The brothers and sisters he held so dear;
His voice no more with our own shall rise,
As we offer our daily sacrifice.
But while our eyes with their sorrow fill,
We will lift them up to our Father still;
There is one more link in the mighty chain,
That is binding us closer to Him again.

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He gives and He takes, His will be done,
We shall follow our darling, one by one,
And God shall wipe all our tears away,
In the land that knoweth no more decay.
His love is our tower and fortress here,
His breathings of comfort our spirits cheer;
Till we forget all the pain and strife,
In the glad resurrection and the life.

There's a thrill of joy in that blest land,
There's a voice of welcome on every hand;
For another soul redeemed from this,
Has entered that kingdom of light and bliss;
And the clear young voice that mingles there,
Is the voice we miss from our household prayer;
And the face that beams with holy joy,
The radiant face of our angel boy.

He lives as he has not lived before,
The bondage and thralldom of earth are o'er;
The joy of the purified and free,
Is his blissful portion eternally.
Death and the grave have been overcome,
By the power of life and immortal bloom;
A balm and cordial my heart receives,
For Jesus is whispering "Thy son lives."

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FOR A FLORAL CONCERT.

BRING into God's temple the beautiful flowers,
Far purer and sweeter their worship than ours,
Low bending meek heads they acknowledge His care;
And offer continual incense and prayer.

Who makes the bright blossoms that cover the sod,
And fill us with happiness? Yes, it is God;
He governs their growth in each kingdom and clime,
And makes them all beautiful, each in his time.

He fashions each delicate petal so fair,
And leaves the impress of His own fingers there;
And breathes upon them till the fragrance given,
Seems wafted direct from the gates of heaven.

He tints them with shades that in heaven are known,
The crimson, the blood that He shed to atone;
All white are the robes that the purified wear,
And golden the crowns of the holy ones there.

And all these bright colors that gladden the eye,
Gleam forth from those gem-studded mansions on high,
Reflected in these with their glory scarce dim,
To cheer us and teach us sweet lessons of Him.

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They teach of His love and His bountiful care,
In which all His creatures together may share;
He bids us "consider the lillies" that grow,
And trust in His goodness and providence, too.

He clotheth the lilies in brighter array,
Than Solomon's glory could ever display;
He knows when the tiniest sparrow doth fall,
But loves us, His children, far better than all.

And if God so clotheth the grass with His care,
And tenderly feedeth the fowls of the air;
He also will keep us, forever, He saith,
And guide us through darkness and danger and death.

They teach of a life that shall conquer the tomb,
And shine in immortal, perpetual bloom;
They bid us "Fear not," when life's summer is gone,
But wait for the glad resurrection to dawn.

Where did all the blossoms of last summer go,
To hide through the winter from ice and from snow?
They shriveled and died with the first dreary blast,
And we thought that their beauty forever was past.

But with the new summer again they are here!
Up from the dark mold their bright faces appear;
The same as last season one everywhere sees,
Though fairer and sweeter, if possible, these.

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And are we not like them, dear children, by birth?
We also must die and lie down in the earth;
But when Christ appeareth we all shall arise,
And bloom far more gloriously in the skies.

The dear little children immortal and fair,
Are flowers in God's beautiful gardens there,
They bloom in the sunlight of His blesséd face;
Refreshed by the dewdrops of heavenly grace.

And He is among them and cares for them all,
No harm upon even the frailest can fall;
For they are forever His pleasure and choice,
And in their sweet purity angels rejoice.

Then bring the bright blossoms His courts to adorn,
A purer oblation no altar hath borne;
Bring in the dear children and consecrate here,
Their innocent lives in His service and fear.

For if in this desert we blossom aright,
And offer a fragrance to give Him delight;
He'll come and transplant us to cultivate there,
Dear child, will you not be a flower in His care?

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RECITATION FOR THREE GIRLS.

FIRST GIRL :

LAST spring I had a garden,
In which I sowed the seed,
I watched it very closely,
And pulled up every weed;
And all the long, bright summer,
Such blossoms as were there !
For every one I cut them;
They well repaid my care.

Holding up a handful of flowers.

SECOND GIRL :

I, also had a garden,
But I'd much rather swing;
The old weeds grew so quickly,
They choked up everything !
I couldn't bother with them,
So while I sowed good seeds;
I didn't have a blossom,
Only these ugly weeds.

Holding up weeds.

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THIRD GIRL:—A VERY SMALL GIRL.

I, nearly spoiled my garden,
I am so small, you know,
I scattered seeds of brambles,
And thought good flowers would grow;
But when I saw the brambles,
I pulled out every trace;
And now these lovely lilies,
Are growing in their place.

Holding up lilies.

FIRST GIRL :

Our hearts are little gardens,
That we should watch with care;
For seeds are always dropping,
And finding lodgment there.
If we, with prayer and patience,
Keep out all weeds that sting;
Our happy hearts will blossom,
With fragrance for our King.

SECOND GIRL :

We must not give up trying,
But work with earnest will;
Or evil will get rooted,
Our innocence to kill.
If we are vain and foolish,
And only care for play;
What can we bring to Jesus,
In the great harvest day?

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THIRD GIRL:

We should be very careful,
What little seeds get in;
For some that look quite harmless,
May yet be seeds of sin.
But if the weeds get started,
Let's kill them in their youth;
And fill our little gardens,
With purity and truth.

THE MARSH FAMILY REUNION.*

AT LAKE PLEASANT, MASS., JULY 29 1885.

WE'VE gathered together, a numerous flock,
Descendants of purest of Puritan stock;
From far and from near, we have journeyed today,
But all to one center directed our way;
And here in this beautiful spot of our choice,
Come now with glad greetings to feast and rejoice.
As brothers and sisters united are we,
All members of one common family tree;
With one tie that bindeth us ever the same,
The honor and pride of our family name;
A name that the noble, the pure and the brave,
Have guarded and honored and labored to save.

*By Alice Marsh Adkins.

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All honor to those who have cherished this name,
And given it to us unsullied by shame;
Let us proudly keep it, and be it our care,
By no act unworthy to make it less fair.
Brave, sturdy and true were our yoeman grandsires,
Their honest endeavors: their earnest desires;
Their sterling industry and character pure,
Have made them a name that shall ever endure.
Shall we be in our far less difficult way,
Less noble, God-fearing and upright than they?
And thus by our weaknesses, darken and shade,
The glorious record our fathers have made?

Ah, bravely they toiled amid hardships and pain,
And fought in the struggle our freedom to gain;
Thus, stone upon stone, has arisen with care,
A building whose nails have been driven with prayer;
A nation where peace and prosperity dwell,
And glad independence rings out in each bell;
And we are the heirs of this heritage grand,
For us they have labored and suffered and planned,
Shall we esteem lightly this purchase of blood?
Our homes and our country: our worship of God?
But rather rejoice as our records we trace,
That we are the sons of so noble a race.

A far greater number our records have shown,
But some to another reunion have gone;
Though crossed from our pages, in that happy land,
Their names do in glorious characters stand.

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And ours too, we trust, are forever enrolled,
On those stainless pages of which we are told;
For our dear Redeemer knows each one by name,
And cleanses from sin in the blood of the Lamb;
And sooner or later, we all shall receive,
A sweet invitation our labors to leave;
And each from his wandering gladly will come,
And join in that happy reunion at home.

How often I've thought of that meeting today,
Where our missing friends are united for aye,
Our honored ancestors, our parents, our youth;
Our loved ones who've walked in the pathway of truth.
From east and from west they have gathered and come,
One family name to one family home.
Neath trees in the gardens of heaven they meet,
The River of Life flowing by at their feet;
All having one Father, His glory they share,
He dwelleth among them and leadeth them there,
They bear in their foreheads the mark of His name,
And sit down today at the feast of the Lamb.

Let us sing, for they're singing their anthems sweet,
While angels rejoicing the chorus repeat;
Let us join and offer a tribute of praise,
To Him who so kindly o'er ruleth our ways;
Who hath made of one blood all nations of men,
And blesses reunions again and again.

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Thus blending our voices with theirs in the skies,
To Him they'll in glorious harmony rise;
Uplifting our thoughts to their happy abode,
Draw nearer each other and nearer to God;
One company here and the other above,
United forever by kindred and love.

TO A FRIEND ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WHAT is it to be eighty? To have seen
The friends of youth departed long ago,
Our early hopes and aspirations fled,
Whether our dreams were realized or no.
To see the babes we nourished gray-haired men;
And their own darlings unto manhood grown,
Standing where we but yesterday have stood,
With expectations eager as their own.

Time hastens onward with relentless course,
Days come and go with busy toil perplexed;
Years wait not for our call, but each goes on,
Freighted with care and turmoil to the next.
Swifter and swifter roll the cycles round,
And time seems insufficient for our need;
Till unawares our day of life is gone,
And we have space no longer to take heed.

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What is it to be eighty? 'Tis to stand
And rest beneath our burden while we wait,
The vineyard gleaned and twilight close at hand,—
And watch the sunset, by the dear home gate.
To look back on the scenes of many years,
The fields where we have toiled with faithful love;
The multitude of joys and hopes and fears,
That go to fill the record kept above.

If I was eighty—Nay, if I was young,
With thirty years the measure of my day,
I oft would ask myself, as I do now,
Why do I live while others pass away?
What work has He for my especial care?
That His design for me I may fulfill;
How use the precious moments as they fly,
That nothing may be lost or counted ill?

I'd seek with earnest purpose every day,
To make some lot the brighter for my part;
To do some deed of kindness, howe'er small,
To bring a gladness to another heart;
And maybe He who notes the passing hours,
Will take these offerings my heart returns,
And bind them, like a bunch of fragrant flowers,
Upon His altar, where sweet incense burns.

For length of days alone is not our life,
A short life may be long if wisely spent;
Its aim to glorify and honor God,
And to accept our portion with content.

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If we have walked with God these many years,
Then is our age a crown of glory rare,
And entrance to the kingdom will be blest,
For such His own "peculiar treasure" are.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN Adam and Eve in the Garden were placed,
From whom all the nations of earth may be traced,
When God said that man need not dwell here alone,
But each should have familiy ties of his own,
The sacred relation of marriage was blessed,
And is as God's own institution confessed.

How many since then at the altar have stood,
With life all before them, its pathways untrod;
But vows that were spoken were uttered in vain,
Or death has soon entered and severed the twain;
And few who were wedded, with prospects as bright,
Can reckon their years with our friends here to-night.

They've walked in uprightness and honor and truth
Till gone is the vigor and freshness of youth;

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Their heads are encircled with silvery wreath,
But hearts still beat loving and faithful beneath.
And since their young gold is now faded to gray,
We bring them our gold and our greeting today.

Oh, fond was the heart of the lover that day,
And sweet was the bride that was given away,
But youth's budding sweetness has sweetened with years.
And love has been strengthened by trials and tears.
The soft silken cords that then round them were twined,
Have grown to the mightiest cables that bind.

Together they've carried life's burdens and cares,
Together its joys and its blessings were theirs,
Through gladness and sadness, through gain and reverse,
Have tried well their promise, "For better, for worse,"
These fifty long years of companionship run,
Have welded their hearts most completely in one.

They've followed the path that is narrow and straight,
That shines on and on to the heavenly gate;
Have brought up their sons in the fear of the Lord,
And had for their guidance, "What sayeth His Word,"

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Till children and grandchildren, neighbors and friends,
Rise up to bless those whom God's blessing attends.

And now as they stand on this summit of gold,
Their record of service in heaven enrolled ;
I fancy I see God's pure angel of love
With white, drooping pinions, descend from above—
A messenger straight from the courts of the Lord,
And hold o'er their dear heads the crown of reward.

RECEPTION AND HOUSEWARMING AT THE M. E. PARSONAGE.

MERRICK, MASS., JUNE, 1895.

THROW wide the doors, the parsonage is done,
And since these walls have hitherto been cold,
Cheerless and empty, waiting for this hour,
We come tonight to warm them, everyone
Has brought along an ember for the fire,
But not with back-log blazing on the hearth,
Nor heated furnace in this sultry June,
But with the warmth of loving hearts alone.

The tread of many feet upon the stair,
The grasp of welcome from the outstretched hand,
The merry laughter and the notes of song,
The sound of pleasant voices everywhere.

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These all unite to warm it with good cheer,
And fill it with the atmosphere of home,
Which shall remain throughout the days to come,
To gladden all who in its bounty share.

We come to greet our pastor and his wife
And bid them welcome to our fellowship,
And wish this parsonage may shelter them
For a large portion of their future life.
Our hearts as well as hands we offer them—
And let us pledge our hands and hearts tonight,
To help them and stand by them in their work,
Till all our labors with success be rife.

Here may God make His blessed Presence known,
And ever with His faithful servants dwell;
Making this truly a "House Beautiful,"
With Jesus Christ for its chief corner stone.
Let peace, good-will and love to all mankind,
Stretch forth the hand of welcome from this door,
With hospitality for rich and poor;
A wayside rest for pilgrims passing on.

Here may the mourner and the weary one,
Obtain sweet visions of Immanuel's land;
And rest them in the quiet chamber "Peace,"
Whose windows open toward the rising sun.
So may sweet influences go abroad,
Whose worth or whose extent we cannot know;
But many in the future may arise,
To bless the day this parsonage was done.

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MY LESSON.

I CLOTHE my little child in garments clean,
And send him out to gather flowers and play;
But very soon he comes to me again,
His voice so full of sorrow and dismay.

For he has fallen in some muddy place,
And his white frock is covered with the stain;
And I must kiss the little bruisèd face,
And make my darling clean and neat again.

So day by day and week by week it goes,
While little feet are gaining strength and skill;
And while I sympathize in all his woes,
I learn new lessons of my Father's will.

We are God's children, and He sends us forth,
Clad in pure robes upon an untried way;
But oh, how soon we fall and must return,
Our garments soiled by contact with earth's clay.

So day by day and week by week we come,
Unto that patient, loving Heart for aid;
To have our bruises healed, our stains removed,
And be in spotless robes once more arrayed.

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Sometimes, when I am weary with my tasks,
I'm almost vexed to hear the baby's cry,
Although I love him dearly, for I know
His need must come to me for its supply.

But I've been thinking how alike we are,
To little children, when we bring our cares,
Our daily needs and sorrows to our God;
And is He never weary of our prayers?

The care of all the Universe is His,
He guides the feeblest insect that can crawl;
Controls the constellations on their course,
Or holds His hand to break the sparrow's fall.

Yet he has time to listen when we pray,
His ear is never closed to our request,
And though we come an hundred times a day,
Still He says, "Come, and I will give you rest."

If I could always hold my baby's hand,
And guide the little feet where they should go;
He would not fear within my care to stand,
And this is what our Father's love would do.

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy hand,"
My strength forever is Thy rod and staff;
"Thou art my Keeper, Thou my Life, my Way,
Hold Thou me up, Lord, and I shall be safe."

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This is the lesson I have learned today,
(My boy is coming for his mother's kiss;)
But, though my duties weary as they may,
I shall be less impatient after this.

JEWELS.

I READ of priceless jewels that wealthy ladies wear,
To gleam upon their bosoms and glitter in their hair,
And of what princely fortunes these tiny gems are worth,
Enough to bless the armies of God's poor on the earth.
I know I could not wear them to deck my mortal form,
While thousands all around me had naught to keep them warm,
While nations bound in darkness and groaning neath the rod,
Might be redeemed for heaven, eternity and God.

But what care I for jewels from any land or sea?
When I've a fairer treasure which God has given me,
A little soul just entered upon this earthly stage;
A little heart as spotless as an unwritten page,

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A little life unfolding, expanding like a flower;
With all that God has promised for earth and heaven in store.
And I may help to polish and fit this precious gem,
To shine through endless ages in God's own diadem.

'Tis mine to guard its beauty and purity from blight,
'Tis mine to trace the pattern upon the page so white;
To lay the first foundation of what the life may be,
And carve the stones that fashion its future symmetry.
Oh, sacred care, to follow only the true and just,
And who am I, that heaven should give me such a trust?
How should I watch my own steps, each moment on the road,
And pray that I may never lead him astray from God.

When his clear eyes are lifted so earnestly to mine,
To hear me tell of Jesus and of His love divine,
Or when he kneels beside me to say his evening prayer,
I feel an holy Presence, and know that God is there.
And when his cheek is nestling so close against my face,
And dimpled arms are clasping my neck in fond embrace,

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Do you suppose I'd rather? — No, I would not exchange
For any costly necklace in all the kingdom's range.

What need of prayer and patience and wisdom to attend,
When on success or failure such vast results depend;
For who can tell what portion for this one soul awaits
In that immortal region that lies beyond the gates?
But when the Lord of glory descendeth with a shout,
To gather up His jewels and cast the wicked out,
He'll know who best are fitted in His fair courts to shine,
And in that day of trial shall answer: "These are mine."

COVENANT.

I SOLEMNLY do covenant with God,
As far as in me lies, and by His grace,
To train my child in His most holy law,
And for His praise.
To teach him daily of the Father's love,
That his young heart may thrill, as does my own,
At each new revelation from on high,
And for all blessings offer praise to God.

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BOY LOST.

ONE summer eve my baby boy was lost,
Looking for papa he had wandered on,
With heedless innocence the streets were crossed,
And no one noticed where the child had gone.
But when we missed him and had sought in vain,
And neighbors joining with a ready will,
From street to street "No tidings" brought again,
Then did our hearts with dread forebodings fill.

Groups gathered on the street; from door to door
The message sped; policemen came that way,—
"What was his size and what the dress he wore?"
Strangers were friends with kindly sympathy.
The search continues, while all hearts respond
With an anxiety no lip reveals,
By the swift river and the silent pond,
And the dread railroad with its crushing wheels.

Dark night came on; o'er dimly-lighted streets
The lightning flashed and thunder muttered low,
And still the question friend to friend repeats:
"Where is the little one we cherish so?
His chubby form long since this should be laid
Beneath the covers of his little bed;
Out in the darkness is he not afraid,
So tired and crying to be comforted?"

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Across the city, on the farther side,
A kind policeman saw before him come,
A little lad in gingham dress, who cried:
"I want my papa, so I can go home!"
Then after three long hours of labor vain
The wires flashed home the joyful message,
"Found!"
And soon we had him in our arms again,
While "Praise the Lord!" was echoed all around.

During those hours who led his baby feet
As in the jostling throng he pressed his way?
Who shielded him whene'er he crossed the street
Without a mother's hand his steps to stay?
Who kept him from the river's dreadful brink,
Or from the evil ones who roam at large?
While thunders rolled and clouds grew black as ink?
Yea, surely "He shall give His angels charge."

No flight of fancy and no dream in air,
Is it for me to say I know indeed,
My child to be the object of God's care,
Who always thinks upon us and our need.
His angel saw the babe astray at night
And swift descending through the space between,
She hovered o'er him with her wings of white,
And guarded, guided, kept him, all unseen.

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And as the kindly neighbors gathered round
With joyful welcome and with words of love,
And happy greetings for the lost one found,
So, said our Saviour, is there joy above
O'er every lost one who is gathered in,
By faithful hearts unto the Father's door,
From paths of darkness and the night of sin,
Yea, there is joy, and shall be evermore.

INVITATION.

LIFT up your hand for Jesus, and He'll take it,
Care not if those around you may deride;
He'll clasp your hand in his strong, tender keeping,
And every day walk closely by your side.
His everlasting arm will always shield you,
No foe can conquer with His power so nigh;
His loving smile bring joy and peace and comfort,
If you want Jesus, lift your hand up high.

If you want Jesus, lift your heart, dear brother,
Your burdened heart, so weary and distressed;
Bring all your sorrows to Him, for He bids you
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."
Your soul shall thrill with rapture in His presence,
There's peace and safety neath His wings to hide;
Your weeping shall be changed to "Hallelujah,"
For He will come and in your heart abide.

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THE WINDOW GARDEN.

ONE cold day when December had begun,
My little boy began to long for spring;
Then this delightful plan he hit upon,
A window garden would be just the thing.

He found the cover of a tiny can,
And filled it with a spoonful of soft earth;
Placed it upon the window-sill and ran,
The seeds for his new garden to bring forth.

"Sweet-peas or pansies: pinks or sunflowers tall;
Or mammoth poppies with their silken bloom?
These are the best, the seeds are very small,
So I am sure I shall have lots of room."

He scattered seeds enough in that small space,
To fill a garden of much larger size;
Watered it carefully in every place,
Then hourly watched it with expectant eyes;

And talked of that glad moment soon to come,
When he should gather blossoms for me there,
Of wondrous size and color and perfume;
He should be well rewarded for his care.

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One day he saw some feeble specks of green,
And greeted them with shouts of joy and pride;
Alas for hope! For scarcely were they seen,
Than, choked and strangled, they lay down and died.

Then the poor child's heart nearly broke for grief,
The disappointment was so hard to bear;
To see his hopes thus crushed beyond relief,
He could not see why this was just or fair?

Of course we say at once it was absurd;
It was impossible, he might have known,
And yet I think, how truthful is this word;
"Men are but children who are larger grown."

It seems to me that this is just the way,
Some of our plans look to our Father's eyes;
Our cherished hopes and dreams for which we pray,
We plan and work and think we are so wise;

We watch and wait the answer from above;
We weep and sorrow and rebel. Alas!
Sometimes I fear we doubt that "God is love,"
When our desires are not all brought to pass.

But the dear, loving Eye above looks on,
His wisdom knows how foolish is our quest;
And "as a father pitieth his son,
So the Lord pities," when we are distressed.

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He cannot grant unreasonable things,
  Each childish notion or desire expressed,—
He loveth best the heart that trusts and sings,
  Content to know He giveth what is best.

LITTLE ALISON,

(AGE 16 MONTHS.)

DARLING baby Alison!
  Where the gentle summer breeze,
Whispers neath the orchard trees;
And the laden branches sweep,
Throwing shadows cool and deep;
I can see your little head,
Mid the clover white and red;
While the swaying grasses there,
Bend to kiss your sunny hair.

  Darling baby Alison!
Dainty, dimpled feet I see,
Wavering unsteadily;
Tiny fingers, pink and white,
Grasping at the blossoms bright;
Baby voice so full of glee,
Mocking every bird and bee;
Ah, the charms a baby shows,
Nobody like mother knows.

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Darling little Alison !
In this world of sin and care,
Stainless yet as angels are,
Knowing not how rough the way,
Destined for your feet to stray;
Soul as pure as morning dew,
Shining in those eyes so blue;
How are sinful mortals blest,
With so innocent a guest.

Darling little Alison !
Baby arms my neck embrace,
Rosy cheeks against my face;
Dainty kisses, soft and light,
Thrill me with a pure delight.
I am all unworthy, child,
Of a love so undefiled;
In His kingdom they shall be,
Who are babes in purity.

Darling little Alison !
Mine to nestle in my arms,
Mine to shelter from alarms,
Mine to guard from sinful blight;
Mine to teach the truth and right.
Gift of God ! A sacred loan,
Till He comes to claim His own;
Oh, that I could always keep,
From temptations dark and deep.

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Darling little Alison !
Mother may not always hear,
But our faithful God is near,
Let Him guide you day by day,
Whispering "I am the Way;"
Let Him keep you pure and true,
Trust Him, for He cares for you;
Seek Him and His goodness prove,
Love Him, for our "God is Love."

BRING IN THE LIGHT.

THE shadows of night were descending,
I was watching the deep'ning gloom
As it settled down o'er the landscape,
And softly pervaded the room.
I turned to the western horizon,
The last beam of glory to mark,
When a sweet little voice came lisping :
"O mamma, please drive out the dark !"

I stooped down to comfort the baby,
"I cannot do that, little dear,
But mamma will hasten directly
And bring in a light for you here."
And throughout the evening later,
I whispered again and again :
"Thank God for the innocent children!
The dear little preachers to men."

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I thought how the Father in heaven
  Looks down from that kingdom of light,
And pities earth's ignorant children,
  Whose spirits are shrouded in night.
For all of this human creation—
  Since ever creation has been,
Are struggling and toiling so vainly,
  To drive out the darkness of sin.

Some trust in morality only,
  And think they are clean in His sight,
While others with good works and penance,
  Toil on through the day and the night.
Some worship all manner of idols,
  The blessings of heaven to win,
Or torture their quivering bodies
  To drive out the darkness of sin.

God knows that they never can do it,
  And He has provided a Light,
But men are so blind and so willful;
  They will not be guided aright.
Oh, bring in the blesséd Redeemer,
  The Lord Jesus Christ, to your heart;
The light of His presence and glory
  Will make all the darkness depart.

For "I am the Light," saith our Saviour,
  "And whoever followeth me,
Shall nevermore walk in the darkness"—
  His life shall be happy and free.

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When Jesus has lighted my candle,
Its shining need never be dim;
Jehovah, my God, will enlighten
The darkness I take unto Him.

THE SNOW STORM.

CLOSE the shutters, draw the shade,
For the storm is beating wild;
Seated by this cheerful blaze,
Thank God for your home, my child.

Deep the snow is piled without,
Bitterly the wind doth blow;
In this comfortable room
Little of its power we know.

But how different the lot
Of the homeless poor, tonight,
Wand'ring in the streets alone
With the tempest king to fight.

For the world is full of woe,
Want and wretchedness abound;
We must help them as we go,
That no such with us be found.

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Do not shudder at the blast—
God controls it at His will ;
Though the sky be overcast,
He is round about us still.

He has promised to be near,
Day and night His watch to keep ;
Wind nor storm we need not fear,
For our God doth never sleep.

E'er you lay your head tonight,
On your pillow soft and warm,
Pray God to relieve the poor,
Houseless in this winter storm.

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HOME COMFORTS.

SOME people don't like children, and believe
That they are fortunate who can escape
The cares and the responsibility
That motherhood is always sure to bring.
But what is home without its little child?
Solace and comfort of life's weary way—
For them we suffer and are strong to bear;
For them all sacrifice and toil is sweet,
For all our labor their dear love repays.

Our Jesus looked with an especial love
On little children in their innocence,
And bade us learn of them what God requires,
A perfect faith, obedience and trust;
The truest spirit of humility.
He took them up and blessed them, and declared
That such as these, in God's own kingdom are;
And sometimes, when I see the infant class,
With sweet, bright faces in our Sunday School,
I feel that I am in His kingdom now,
The kingdom that He loveth best on earth.

And so I love my merry, noisy three,
The light and cheer and comfort of our home,

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With all their faults and failings, and I feel
That earth would be a lonely place indeed,
If they had not been given unto me.

My tall boy, Robert, my first joy and pride,
It seems but yesterday I curled his hair,
And rolled his little carriage down the street;
So proudly conscious of each baby grace.
Now a tall school-boy stands beside my chair,
And tells me of the doings of the day;
Some wondrous feat "the other fellows" do,
Marvels of wisdom from his teacher's lips;
Or sweet attractions of some little girl,—
Sure that his interests are always mine.

My chubby little man is Alison,
"Happy-go-lucky," as he calls himself;
His chief delight to play the harlequin,
In funny antics all around the floor.
Straight-limbed and sturdy, eager, restless, brave;
Bounding with vigor of fresh, untried life,
"Cheeks like an apple ripened in the sun,"
And merry eyes with mischief brimming o'er,
Like windows whence some laughing sprite looks out,
And bobs a courtesy and disappears,
True little heart and honest little soul,
Without a thought that mamma must not share;
Laying his plans for manhood's coming joys,
When a big beard shall cover half his face.

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But my sweet Susie, bless her little heart!
God gave me a fair jewel when she came,
Sweet little spirit from the hand of Love;
Bringing His sunshine down into our home.
Words cannot paint her for a stranger's eye,
As mother sees her happy-hearted girl,
Who yet knows nothing in this world but love.

Face of a doll, with rounded, rosy cheeks,
Sweet lips, with pearly teeth and dimpling smile;
Eyes that the violets in yonder wood,
Full well might envy, and a wealth of curls,
In shining, golden ringlets falling o'er;
Beauty of innocence and purity and love.
This is the picture, but it does not give,
The little form that nestles in my arms,
The clinging fondness of soft, baby hands;
And touch of dainty kisses on my cheek.
Dear little voice that prattles all the day,
Singing her songs and lisping words of prayer,
Sweet melody to rest my weary heart.

What happy times we have on rainy days!
Or when the snow beats wildly on the pane;
Who could desire a better holiday?
To work with mamma at her household tasks,
The same as truly grown up people do.
How swiftly little feet run at my call!
Proudly important, eager for my praise,
And lighten all my duties with their aid.

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How busy little fingers mix the dough,
Making wee pies and biscuits on the board ;
With visions of tea-party joys to come.
What pictures on the black-board they will draw,
The patient labor of their little hands,
Receiving rich reward if mamma smiles ;
And praises each proud artist's workmanship.
What romps we have ! What services of song !
What sermons preached by earnest little lips !
Give those who will their wealth and pampered ease,
Their idle hands, their stately, silent halls ;
Where children never litter up the floor.
With my own portion I am well content,
And thank God every day for all He gives.

What though confusion sometimes seems to reign ?
And my small room is suddenly transformed,
To a wild jungle of some tropic land,
Where savage beasts and fearful monsters dwell !
A lion neath the dining table roars ;
A fierce hyena or a growling bear,
Spring on me from the corner as I pass ;
The broom my only weapon of defense !

What though my homely kitchen chairs become,
At will, a train of royal palace cars ?
Speeding away to distant fairy lands,
With bell and whistle and escaping stream.
Though soldiers march with drum and bugle note,
And banner waving gayly, through the room ;

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Though savage tribes of Indians may come,
Seeming unmindful of this peaceful land ;
And pitch their wigwam right within my doors !
In bristling feathers and fierce paint arrayed ;—
I love the merry chatter and the play !
It brings my childhood back and makes me young ;
Beguiles dull hours and drives away sad thoughts.

Oh, what were all the world with empty fame,
And gilded honors when to this compared ?
I am the queen of this small realm of mine,
My word is law to these my subjects three,
They ask my pleasure in each little thing ;
And bring as offerings their choicest sweets.
I am the Lady Bountiful, whose hands
Provide the rations for the hungry troop,—
I am a refuge for the sore distressed ;
The one to whom their joys are soonest brought,
Their eyes and hearts turn ever unto me.
The family physician, if you please,
My kiss brings healing marvelous to see,
For bumps and bruises and each little grief.

I am the lawyer whose advice they seek,—
The priest to whom wrong doing is confessed ;
The pontiff whom they deem infallible.
I have to rule a court of justice, too,
Where trembling criminals too often stand,
And hear their dreadful sentence from my lips.
Guide and instructor ; counsellor and friend ;

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Preacher and comforter and best of all,
'Tis mine to lead them in the path to heav'n.
Who could desire a field with wider scope,
Or call this sphere of woman limited?

I know 'tis hard for one who is not strong,
The busy cares of every day at home,
Taxing the nerves and wearying the frame;
A constant round of toiling, to provide
For all the needs of these I love so well,
And make our home life happy and complete.
But love that "lightens labor" dwells with me,
And I have never been so glad as now.
"I love you," greets me with the morning light,
"I love you, mamma," blesses me at night;
Fatigue and pain alike are brushed away,
By the soft touches of each fond caress,
With cheek like velvet laid against my own;
There are some things that money cannot buy.
And I would rather have my little flock,
God's precious loan, entrusted unto me;—
Than stocks and bonds of any millionaire.
I draw my interest each day I live,
The only sorrow that I sometimes feel,
The thought that they cannot be always young.

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

OH God, Thou hast these precious souls entrusted,
To one so weak,
Grant, I beseech Thee, through Thy boundless mercy,
The boon I seek.

Oh, take into Thine own Almighty keeping,
My little flock;
I cannot keep them from the power of evil,
Thou art our Rock.

Make them Thine own, I ask no greater blessing,
For naught there is,
The human heart can crave for its beloved,
Greater than this.

Oh, may they know Thy perfect love indwelling,
Boundless and broad;
And in their hearts and minds forever welling,
The peace of God.

Grant that each one, whatever ills confound them,
In any place,
May look above the shadows that surround them,
Unto Thy face;

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And looking to the life that is immortal,
Through joy or pain ;
At last may enter yonder shining portal,
With Thee to reign.

READ AT A CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

I HAVE a little boy, you know him well,
As full of fun and mischief and of noise,
As any "three-year-old" among the boys,
But tender and affectionate as well ;
His merry little heart o'erflows with love,
Which he bestows on every one around.

He comes to mamma every little while,
His arms stretched out so wide to take me in ;
A world of love his shining eyes within,
His round face beaming with a happy smile ;
"Oh, mamma, won't you please come here," he says,
"I want to love you, I am full of love!"

I do not care how busy I may be,
My heart to his at once responsive warms,
I never would refuse the little arms ;
The rosy face that shines with love for me,
My work can wait a minute, for you know,
The dainty baby kisses are so sweet.

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"All this is very foolish to repeat,
For all of us have children," do you say?
But just one thought that came to me today,
I want to give you, ere I take my seat;
We lavish our affection on our babes,
How is it with the Babe of Bethlehem?

It seems to me He stretches out His hands,
From yonder manger at this Christmas tide,
Such tiny hands, but reaching, oh, so wide!
To every heart in all earth's teeming lands,
His gentle voice cries, "Come! Oh come to me,
And let me love you! I am full of love!"

Are we so hurried with affairs of earth,
The rush and turmoil of each busy day,
That we refuse to heed, and turn away
The love He brings, and deem it little worth?
Can we reject and grieve him? None can tell
How sweet, how *very* sweet, *His* love may be.

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GUARDIAN ANGELS.

I ALWAYS believed much in angels,
God's messengers sent to us here;
And I always have taught my children,
That those holy beings are near.
'Tis better than giants or fairies,
For courage and strength it imparts;
They trust in God's watch-care and keeping,
And cherish the thought in their hearts.

They learn how that bright host encampeth,
Around us by night and by day;
And is given charge of God's children,
To keep little feet when they stray.
It shames them when they have been naughty,
To think that the angels could see;
And strengthens their childish endeavor,
To be what God wants them to be.

I tell them that when it is bedtime,
The angels come swiftly in flight;
And spread their great, white wings above them,
And watch them and guard them all night.
They need never fear in the darkness,
For although their forms are not shown,
We know they are there, for God sends them,
They never forget to come down.

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So when they have said "Now I lay me,"
And asked God to watch o'er our home,
They ask, "Have the angels got started"?
"Are they getting ready to come"?
Then eagerly under the bed clothes
They nestle and close their eyes tight,
And safe neath the pure wings of heaven,
They peacefully sleep till the light.

I wash all the sweet, rosy faces,
Before they are tucked into bed,
For surely the angels will kiss them
And fondle each dear little head;
And bend low to whisper sweet secrets,
Known only in regions of bliss;
I fancy their dreams are made sweeter,
By teaching my little ones this.

My three-year-old "man" in the spring-time,
Picked all the bright flowers 'round the door,
And was so surprised the next morning,
To find in their places were more!
I told him that God loves the children,
And makes all the blossoms so sweet;
He fashions them all with His fingers,
And scatters them down at our feet.

I told him the beautiful angels
Came down through the shadowy night,
And bending first over his pillow,
To see that his eyelids were tight,

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They hastened out into the darkness
To give him a lovely surprise,
And hid all the flowers 'mid the grasses,
On purpose for his little eyes.

Then all the day long that dear baby,
From garden and roadside and field,
Brought handfuls of blossoms to mamma,
Which his eager search had revealed.
He shouted with joy o'er each treasure,
His chubby face shone with delight,
He told everybody who met him,
What the angels did in the night.

They love those old stories of angels,
Sent down to God's people in need,
To shut up the mouths of the lions,
Or hungry Elijah to feed ;
The messenger sent unto Balaam,
The story of Peter's release ;
Or the wonderful song of angels,
Who brought the glad tidings of peace.

Oh, angels of God ! May you always
Keep our little ones in your care ;
Protecting their blundering footsteps
From earth's every pitfall and snare ;
Oh, may they feel ever your presence,
To help them stand firm for the right,—
Then bear them at last on your pinions,
To dwell in God's kingdom of light.

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Zeuxis, the painter, plodding at his task,
With careful hand and critical survey,
Let no piece be submitted to the world,
Till it was perfected in every way ;
Till he had turned it over and again,
Lest any fault escape his practiced eye,
And this the reason that he gave to men :
"I paint my pictures for eternity."

We also have each our appointed task,
We write, sing, read ; we labor and we pray,
And even in the least degree, we know,
All is transmitted to eternity ;
There to be viewed in an impartial light,
By a judicious and all-seeing Eye,
So that no error shall escape His sight,
But each receive due recompense on high.

We then should seek to do our very best,
Should labor to make perfect our design ;
Watchful lest any hasty act or word
Should mar the beauty of a single line.
So live for God that we may live with God,
So live on earth that we in heaven may reign ;
So paint our pictures for eternity,
That they to all eternity may shine.

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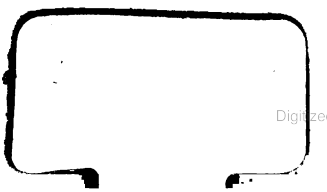
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